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The Alumnae News

of the
North Carolina College
for Women



Published by
The Alumnae Association of
North Carolina College for Women

July, 1927

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THE ALUMNAE NEWS

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By THE ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTH
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GREENSBORO, N. C.

CLARA BOOTH BYRD, *Editor*

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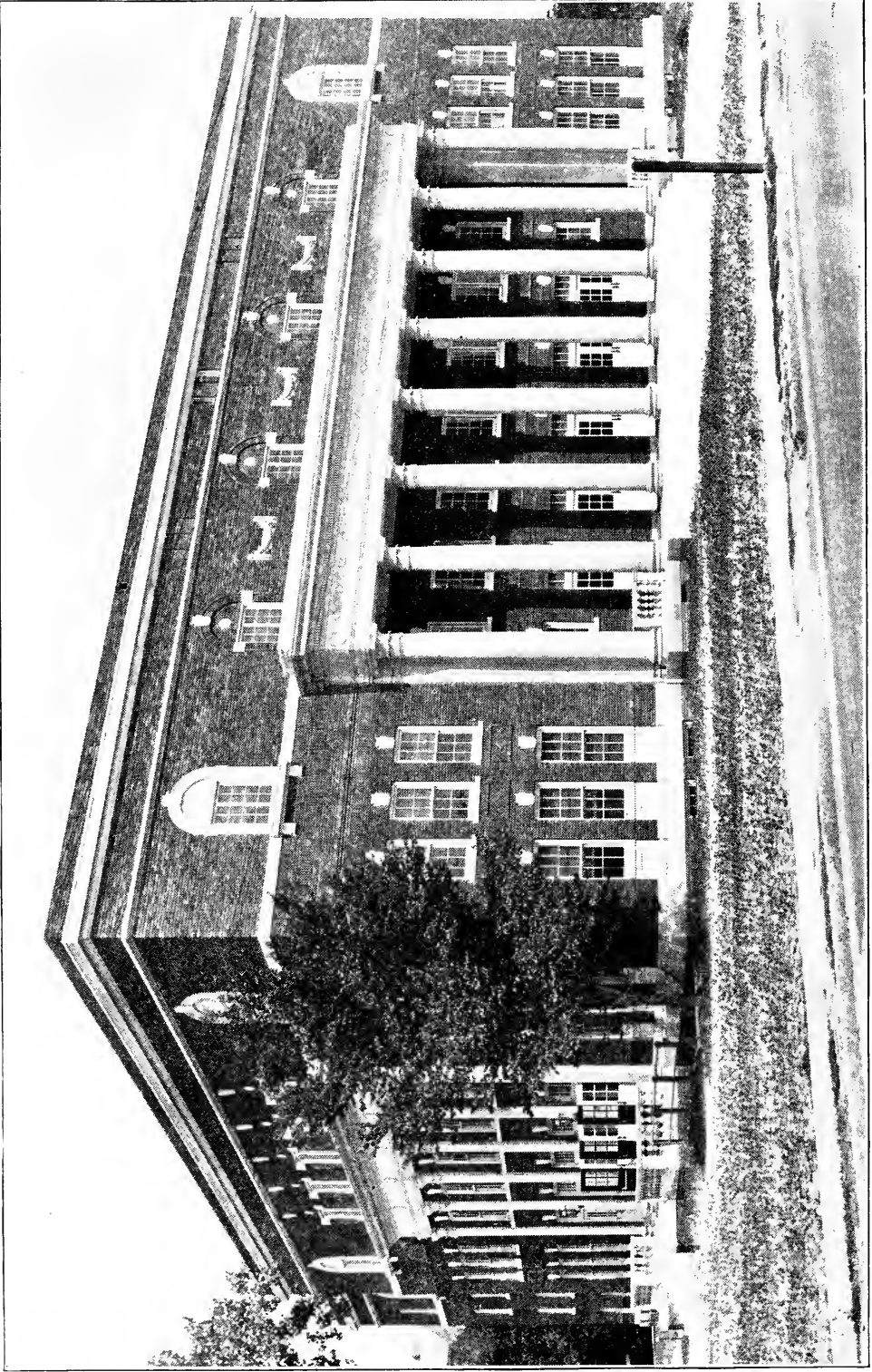
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NEW AUDITORIUM, DEDICATED BY THE ALUMNAE JUNE 4, 1927

The Homecoming and Dedication

MORE than a year ago, the board of directors and the president of the college gave into the hands of the alumnae the dedication of the new auditorium when it should be completed. We had worked many years to secure this auditorium; its need on the campus had long been seriously felt. The alumnae, therefore, set about their plans for its dedication keenly alive to the deeper significance and meaning involved, and fully conscious of the privilege and the honor that was theirs. We determined to leave nothing undone within our power to make the event worthy of the notable achievement it commemorated. We decided that nothing could be more appropriate than to have a home coming of the alumnae in connection with the dedication; surely nothing could be more impressive or give stronger evidence to the college and to the state of our vital interest in our Alma Mater; and surely we could not do at all the work that had been entrusted to our hands in any way more fitting. And so the Homecoming was also launched.

For a few hours only the Homecoming and Dedication had occupied its place in the history of our college. "Do you know what I think about it all?" said one alumna to another, as she sat on the back seat of the automobile that was carrying her home, "I think we have made a non-stop flight!" "Yes," replied her companion. "Do you remember the years in and years out that only a mere handful of the alumnae—maybe twenty-five, maybe fifty, came back at commencement time? And to think of the twelve or fifteen hundred who were back this year!"

When we compare the results achieved with the hopes held out in the beginning of our efforts by many "hope-

ful" minds, that if we succeeded in inducing four or five hundred of the alumnae to return for this occasion, we ought to be entirely satisfied, we are inclined to think with Kipling that "the thing which couldn't has occurred." But when we remember that the Homecoming was after all a venture in cooperation, and that the venture in cooperation was based on faith in our alumnae, the success achieved should not after all seem so unusual or unnatural—merely the right thing in the right way and in the right season.

Perhaps in our enthusiasm we do tend to evaluate the Homecoming and Dedication in terms somewhat too high. But it is a fact that never before in the history of the college has there been a gathering of the alumnae at our Alma Mater in any way comparable to that which occurred on June 4. Perhaps, moreover, as President Foust said to us on Sunday morning, if percentages are taken into consideration, the outpouring was almost without a parallel in the country.

When we finally went to bed Friday night, several hundred daughters of the college were already tucked snugly in; several hundred others were due to arrive next day; and we knew that there were numbers in the city and within easy travelling distance of us who were planning to be here for Saturday only, who had made no reservations of any kind.

We had hoped day on day for clear weather. We had fortified ourselves mentally with all sorts of talismans—"day by day in every way it is getting fairer and fairer!" said we. But not so. The rain which descended on Friday afternoon and night hung over for Saturday morning—a chilly, persistent drizzle! Park Night ceremonies, sched-

uled for 9 o'clock Friday evening in the heart of Peabody Park, had been postponed and were finally given inside the new auditorium late Monday afternoon. Plans involving events to be held out of doors had to be hurriedly recast. In assembling the procession, for instance, we forsook the sodden old hockey field, where we would have had plenty of room, and did our best with the throng on the sidewalks along College Avenue.

The Dedication Exercises

At 9:30 a.m. the Fort Bragg Band opened its concert on the porch of Students Building. As the first sounds were heard, the clans began to gather



The three sophomores who carried the United States flag, the North Carolina state flag, and the college flag in the parade are respectively (reading from left to right), Mary Clara Tate, High Point; Myrtle Mae Parker, Goldsboro; Marian Eley, Franklin, Va.

from all quarters of the campus. The guests and the faculty, in caps and gowns, fell into line in front of Students Building. Behind them the hundreds of alumnae, with umbrellas and class banners, found their places according to class colors between the sophomore guard lines. With Elizabeth Lewis, '28, acting chief marshal, leading, followed immediately by the band, the procession moved on schedule time. Down College Avenue, eastward to Tate Street, northward into the auditorium, the line of march came. The United States flag, the state flag, and the college flag were borne by sophomores in the vanguard of the line.

Once inside, the exercises commenced. With the audience still standing, the three sophomores placed their flags in stands provided for them on the right of the stage, while the band in the rear played the Star-Spangled Banner. At its conclusion, Mrs. R. O. Everett, president of the Alumnae Association, stepped to the front and asked for the invocation. It was made by Reverend William P. Merrill, D.D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City. So were the dedication exercises, historic in import, begun.

Message From the Alumnae President

In opening the program, Mrs. Everett, as president of the Alumnae Association, brought this timely message:

Alumnae and Guests:

Thirty-five years ago, through the untiring efforts of Dr. Charles Duncan McIver and other educators of North Carolina, there was founded on these grounds The State Normal and Industrial School for women. This school was inspired by the desire of forward-looking citizens to give women a place in the state for obtaining higher education; it was born in the spirit of service, and was dedicated to the principle that women should be trained to think as well as to act.

Since then great changes have been wrought both in our state and in our college. Today we are in the midst of an era of unsurpassed commercial advancement and prosperity in North Carolina, and of conspicuous growth in our

college. From a normal training school of 223 students and 10 graduates in 1893, it has grown into a college of 1,629 pupils and 264 graduates in 1927, and now provides the opportunity for thousands of aspiring young women of North Carolina to find the means of self-expression.

Today we have met here, on a portion of the very land on which our college was founded, to dedicate this new auditorium, erected by the state for the college.

It is altogether fitting that we give due praise to those who built our college on such substantial and permanent foundations that it still stands four-square to all the winds that blow. It is quite appropriate also that we recount the splendid services of our first president, Dr. Charles D. McIver, and of our only other president, Dr. Julius I. Foust, and his associates, who have so ably carried on the work. Their names are already deeply written in the hearts of all North Carolinians, and the record of their deeds indelibly inscribed on history's pages.

The past is full of accomplishments. It is the future, however, that we now face. As Emerson has said:

"We cannot overstate our debt to the past, but the moment has the supreme claim."

Therefore, alumnae, as appropriate as it is for us to dedicate this auditorium for a constant reminder of the proud record of this college and of those who have here wrought so well, it is, in truth, much more fitting for us to be dedicated here to the perpetuation of the principles upon which the college was founded, and to the advancement of the work here so ably begun. In an age of conflict between idealism and materialism, we have come again to our Alma Mater to catch the inspiration of her great achievements, and thereby keep alive in our own hearts a desire for higher education for women, and for greater opportunities for both men and women. We, alumnae, have returned to renew our faith in democracy; to be re-dedicated to high ideals; and to secure a gleam of that enlarged vision without which a people perish.

"O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam."

At the conclusion of her message the audience joined in singing the "Old North State."

Greetings From the Alumnae Secretary

The Alumnae Secretary, Clara B. Byrd, was next presented. In bringing the greetings of the occasion on behalf of the college and the alumnae association, she said:

Good people, all! We did not intend to "say it with showers"! But now that we are here what shall we say in greeting—you who have come, and we, your college and your faculty, who have been waiting for you. Try as we may, we cannot wholly find the college that we left behind us. There is too much missing; too much that seems new and strange. But each of us in her own time and way has made her contribution to this place; and if we could but realize it, we are part and parcel of all we see around us here today. You are our own come back again to your own.

And as we greet one another with so much gladness on this Homecoming day, other things we also celebrate. When our college came into being, the prevailing attitude towards women's education was still chiefly that of frank dismay. We were too frail. We did not have the brains to take a college education. And if we did we would but turn the world upside down. That passed and in its place came tolerance. "We can love them for a heart that's kind even though they do have knowledge in their mind!" And the third stage was expressed not many months ago by a gentleman, much interested in education, but chiefly in that of women, when he said, half humorously paraphrasing from the past, "I could wish that the young men of the country and the state might some day have as good opportunities for a higher education as the young women now have. But I do not know," said he; "in this so brief time the women's colleges have shot so far forward that they cannot afford to slow down their pace to meet the strolling gait of their brothers." All of which is but to say that there is no more argument about it. We are out of the frying pan at last! And that we celebrate.

When our college came into being, I wish I knew how many farms there were in North Carolina that had never had a mortgage on them. And I doubt not that the high schools could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Say what you will, something akin to a renaissance has taken place. And could anyone think it amiss if the daughters of the college, here among ourselves today, should express what we from our hearts so truly feel, that the beginning of this college meant also the beginning of this awakening state. And it is this awakening state that we also celebrate. Our college has come far; it is well on its way. Our state has come far; it has leagues yet to go. In

greeting one another on this glad Homecoming day, we also salute the past out of which the present came—the founder and the faculty and the students of those first gallant years. We likewise salute the men and women who are carrying on to higher things.

And you, our guests, we welcome you; and you, our friends, the citizens of the state, who may be with us here today. You, too, are our own. You, too, have come unto your own. We bid you welcome, and we bid you join us in our most earnest faith that the purposes which have brought us all to this good day may go forever marching on!

Under the direction of Dean Brown, the Hallelujah Chorus, from Handel's "Messiah," was rendered.

Presentation of the Auditorium by Dr. A. T. Allen

The presiding officer next introduced State Superintendent A. T. Allen, who, representing Governor A. W. McLean, presented the auditorium to the college on behalf of the people of the state. Dr. Allen said:

Members of the faculty and alumnae: I have just told the president of your great association that if she was in any trouble today I would give her a pardon, but if she waited until after the speech I should not be able to exercise that function of the governor.

May I first of all read the following letter from the governor:

"President J. I. Foust,
Greensboro, N. C.

Dear Sir: I find now that it will be impossible for me to be present for the Homecoming and Dedication on Saturday, June 4th, as I will leave tonight for New York, where I have to sign bonds for the state. I had looked forward to this occasion with a great deal of pleasure and regret very much my inability to attend.

Yours sincerely,
A. W. McLean."

The governor's disappointment was severe and his regret keen on account of his inability to be with you on this occasion. He desires me to say to you that nothing except the most pressing affairs pertaining to the state government itself could prevent his being here to join you on this occasion in this your day of gladness.

This institution is the visible expression of North Carolina's sense of justice and fairness. It is the manifestation of a comparatively new idea as to the place and power of woman in this new civilization of ours, and of her capacity to learn and her ability to think. The

brick and stone set up here are the embodiment of an idea so effectively presented to the people of North Carolina scarcely a generation ago by that great trio of North Carolina teachers—McIver, with the force and power of unanswerable logic, Alderman, with an eloquence so entrancing that even its memory brings a thrill, and Claxton, with a versatility that was a wonder to all men. This idea has grown until it has become a vital part of the vibrant thought of the state. Started here as a sort of educational shrine, its votaries have found their way into the remotest borders of the state, carrying with them a spirit of democracy and service so high and so fine as to be almost a consecration.

The knock at its portals for admission becomes more and more insistent. More and more the people of the state realize its meaning and its worth, but no man can estimate in any terms of value the service which this institution has rendered to the state.

In ancient times the skill of the finest artisan, the imagination of the greatest architects, the knowledge of the most learned engineers, and the wealth of kingdoms were commandeered in order that fitting monuments might be erected to the memory of dead heroes. Today we are not looking towards the past. Our faces are turned towards the future. We come here today to dedicate and consecrate this temple to North Carolina's faith in her young womanhood. In this act we have full confidence that such faith is not misplaced. So I come here today to represent the governor of this great commonwealth, who, if he were here, would represent all the people of the state, to present in their name this great building to this college for the service and the pleasure of all the fortunate ones who may come here, and in order that an increasingly greater number of North Carolina's young women may enter upon the fullness of life.

Acceptance of the Auditorium by President Foust

The presiding officer in well chosen words presented President Julius I. Foust, who, accepting the auditorium for the college, said:

Madam President, Superintendent Allen, ladies and gentlemen:

So many thoughts arise in my mind, and so many emotions manifest themselves on this occasion, that I feel keenly embarrassed and somewhat bewildered in my attempt to reply to the generous words that have just been spoken.

In the midst of my confusion, however, I find myself dominated by one feeling—a deep sense of gratitude on the part of the faculty



INTERIOR VIEW OF AUDITORIUM

and students on the completion and opening of this building. I am very glad that Superintendent Allen, representing Governor McLean, has made it possible for me to express to the people of North Carolina with genuine sincerity our appreciation of their generosity. Although it has not been possible for us to do many things at this college we earnestly desired to do, the citizens of the state have always shown a deep interest in our work and have made possible the development at this place of what we think is a great institution for the education of the young women of the commonwealth.

I feel keenly and deeply grateful for another reason. I feel, if possible, more deeply and keenly the loyal support the alumnae have given us during our years of struggle to make the things possible that we witness today. A college is not a beautiful campus or a large number of buildings well designed, but is rather a collection of people. The collection consists of the alumnae, the faculty, and the students; and the ideas and ideals which dominate these people determine whether or not a college is great or insignificant.

Miss Byrd, your secretary, has already extended to you greetings on this occasion, but I should feel that I had not performed my full duty if I did not take this opportunity to thank the alumnae of the college for their presence here to rejoice with us as we dedicate this building to the service of the present and future generations of students. I cannot possibly make known to you alumnae how gladly your Alma Mater welcomes you back to your college home, and how much your presence means to us all who are laboring here from day

to day and from year to year in our attempts to make concrete your ideals and ambitions for your institution.

If I am able to interpret at all correctly the life of this college, we have witnessed during the last thirty-five years three distinct periods in its development. Two of these periods have passed, and, as I see it, we are now entering the third period. The ideas which have controlled these three periods cluster around the auditoriums in which the students and faculty have gathered.

The first period was the time during which the foundation of the college was laid. The history of North Carolina can never separate itself from the old auditorium in the main building. It was there that the first president not only proclaimed the ideals for the founding of a great institution, but also sent out young women to all parts of the state full of enthusiasm for the making of a great commonwealth. Life at the college was crude in those days, it is true, but the older alumnae at least will never forget the courage and determination with which they went back to the different communities of North Carolina to try to make real the vision they caught for higher thinking and better conditions in the state. The assemblages in this auditorium have been an important factor in making North Carolina what it is today. I do not think it is any exaggeration to state that no group of our citizenship has done more for the upbuilding of our people than that group of alumnae and former students who went out from the college during those early years.

The auditorium in the Students Building served the purpose of carrying us through the

transition period in the history of the college. The laying of the foundation on which we were to build the college was an arduous task, but possibly no less difficult was the task of guiding our thought during this uncertain period of its transition. At times our thinking became confused. This was especially true due to the fact that we passed through the great World War, with the added burdens of reconstruction after the war had ended, and with the great expansion of the college necessitating our adjustment to more than double the number of students previously in attendance.

We confidently expect the opening of this new auditorium to add much that will enrich and broaden the life of the students. The tasks of the future are no less insistent than those we have had to meet in the past. Life in North Carolina has become more complicated; social and industrial conditions more complex; and it is our confident expectation that we may be able to give to both faculty and students those ideals that will help solve the problems of the future incident to the changed conditions.

We enter upon this new era in college life, not boastfully, but very humbly, and at the same time with the confident hope and expectation that this college may be able to serve the people of North Carolina better than it has served them in the past. We accept this auditorium as a challenge from the people of the state for consecrated service on our part. I know I speak the sentiments of both faculty and students when I say that we all commit ourselves and dedicate our lives to those high ideals which must dominate a people who hope to make a college that will be a helpful force in this state and in the world where so much clear thinking and unselfish idealism is needed.

Trusting in a Divine Providence to help and guide us, we enter upon the tasks of this era, determined never to disappoint the people of North Carolina.

The Dedication Address

We had now come to the chief event of the morning—the dedication address. In introducing the speaker, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, from the Free Synagogue in New York City, the alumnae president had a most delightful privilege. He was in no sense a stranger to us. He had been among us before; he returned to us, his friends. We asked him to come to give the central message of our great occasion because we knew that he would not fail to help us understand deeply and clearly its true significance. We are glad that in the pages following, we

have been able to publish the dedication address in full. We went now in readiness to the alumnae luncheon—our time of “fun and frolic.”

The General Reunion Luncheon

As we have already suggested, much planning and much preparation had been made to have the luncheon on front campus, in the long hollow beneath the trees. The city had issued orders that traffic was to be diverted on that section of Spring Garden Street so that we might have only the din and noise of our own merrymaking. A certain red and white striped marquee had been procured in compliment to the outgoing senior class, as a sort of “centerpiece,” where our special guests were to be dined. Tables, chairs, lawn benches, summer flowers, gay streamers in class colors, had all been tabulated and collected, ready to be put into place, not so much to add beauty to the spot, as to express somewhat that spirit of festivity charging through our bones, thrilling to break loose! But though the rain had ceased, the sod was too wet to permit us to carry out our original idea. Instead, the campus was gay with groups making their leisurely and animated way to the south and west dining halls where a delicious (we say it deliberately) luncheon was served buffet.

In south dining hall, the dietitian estimated that two thousand people were served! There must have been at least half that number in west.

In south dining hall, where all the classes down to '21 assembled, Anne Albright, vice-president of the Alumnae Association, was master of ceremonies. In west dining hall, Merry Theresa McDuffie, president of the Senior Class, did the honors. After all, we took things very much into our own hands. Something of a carnival spirit prevailed. Class stunts were the order—there were no speeches! In both dining rooms

together, some ten or twelve classes demonstrated in no uncertain manner that they were exponents of perpetual youth, or gave irrefutable testimony of their claims to greatness! Some of these events you will find described in the individual class reunion stories. Many of them were most cleverly planned and carried out.

The General Assembly Meeting— “Just Us Ourselves”

It was not far from three o'clock when the convivialities ceased, and we hied away to Students Building for the General Assembly Meeting—“Just Us Ourselves.” Here Mrs. Everett again presided. Miss Coit opened with greetings to the alumnae body. Next, the senior class, wearing caps and gowns, and accompanied by President Foust, took their places in seats especially reserved for them in the hall. They were received amid much applause. Merry Theresa McDuffie, President, came to the platform and made a ringing little speech, closing with the words, “we have come to help do whatever there is to be done.”

President Foust Speaks

President Foust was next called upon for his annual “special message” to the alumnae. Among other things he reviewed the action of the last Legislature with reference to our college, saying that although we had not been granted the entire amount requested, we had after all fared very well at the hands of the state. He outlined the purpose for which the appropriation for permanent improvements was to be expended. We enthusiastically received his statement that the Legislature had allowed to the Alumnae Association the sum of \$30,000 for the Tea Room which the college had purchased from us. President Foust had requested the Legislature to reimburse us for our estimated loss in the transaction—\$15,000; but in a spirit of never before heard of

generosity the Legislature gave to us twice the amount requested. He also announced that the alumnae of the college are now eligible for full membership in the American Association of University Women.

It is always a fine moment for the alumnae when their president talks to them about their Alma Mater. Never before have we been more conscious of the magnificent things he is accomplishing for the women of the state through his service as president of our college.

Report of the Nominating Committee

At this juncture, the chairman called for the report of the nominating committee, which was given by the chairman, Fannie Starr Mitchell, who announced the result of the ballot as follows: President, Annie Beam Funderburk, '16, Monroe; Vice-President, Juanita McDougald, '17, Whiteville; Board Members (to serve until 1930): Laura Kirby Spicer, Goldsboro; Annie Moore Cherry, Roanoke Rapids; and Bertie Craig, Henderson.

Representative Alumnae Talks

Probably one of the most interesting features of the Homecoming program was that division captioned “Through the Looking Glass with our Alumnae in the Occupations and Professions,” during which some dozen women made three-minute speeches, representing their respective fields. Beginning with the alumnae in education, Mrs. Everett stated that without having the actual figures in hand, it was understood that at least ninety-five percent of our alumnae have taught or are teaching—most of them in the schools of North Carolina. She explained that instead of asking an alumna to speak for the women in education, she would ask all those who had ever taught or who were now teaching to stand. Practically the whole house rose. She followed this request with a similar one with regard

to the homemakers. Again very nearly the whole house stood. It was an interesting response in view of the constant remark that college women do not marry! Elsewhere in these pages you will find the majority of the talks which were made on this occasion. Not "on the program," and yet always on the program when they are present, Dr. Gove and Mr. Forney spoke impromptu. Dr. Miriam Bitting Kennedy, first resident physician at the college, also brought an interesting message. Mr. Forney, always delightfully irrepressible, rose to the occasion in a witty little speech, made something after this manner. Mind you, we do not claim to report it absolutely verbatim!

All the world's a stage and every man's a player; but the most of them are only stage hands!! The stage of the North Carolina College for Women has been a most interesting place and we have had thousands of players. The curtain is now being rung down for the thirty-fifth time; the encore is long and persistent. Many of our most attractive players are appearing before us at this particular hour. And joy is reigning supreme among the audience! May I say at the end of thirty-five years of service that I am very grateful to have been permitted to coach so many of these players in their parts. (Applause).

Committee Reports

Reports from various committees were next in order and were briefly given. The report of the Homecoming committee on attendance, which did such valiant work, was made by Rosa Blakeney Parker, chairman; that of the committee on naming the dormitories by Jane Summerell, chairman; and that of the Student-Alumnae Building Fund by Laura Weil Cone, chairman. Phoebe Baughan, '27, daughter of Phoebe Pegram Baughan, one of the first students at the college, closed the program with an interpretive dance. In Indian costume, she gave a charming interpretation of a captive girl, who in spite of her longing for home and freedom, rose above her environment and danced for joy. A few announcements and at-

tention to routine matters followed. The association passed resolutions of appreciation to the college and to the campus committees, and we adjourned.

The Interim

From then until 8:30 many class reunions took place. Truly the city of Greensboro was polka dotted with them—at the hotels, in the tea rooms, grills, and in private homes.

The Play

At 8:30 the Play-Likers, under the direction of W. R. Taylor, played to a crowded house Barrie's whimsically humorous piece, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Every seat was taken and many could not be admitted.

The Aftermath

There is no way of knowing when we went to bed Saturday night. There were no monitors, no proctors, no lady principals, no house presidents, no student counselors, no deans, no anything or anybody to call "time," and yet there was very evident thoughtfulness for those who wanted at least to try to sleep.

Sunday

There was another vast assembly on Sunday morning. Dr. William P. Merrill, of New York City, delivered the sermon. In its seaching appeal, the baccalaureate sermon was a notable one. We are glad that we have been able to publish it in full in the pages following. As on Saturday, the members of the faculty marched in academic procession and took their places on the stage. The senior class appeared in caps and gowns and occupied seats reserved for them in the front of the auditorium. The invocation was made by Reverend R. Murphy Williams, of the Church of the Covenant. There were special music numbers. Gladys Campbell, '25, soprano, Rebecca Ogburn, '27, contralto, and Professors Benjamin Bates and Charles B. Shaw

rendered a quartet, accompanied by George Thompson. Miss Campbell also sang "Ave Maria," accompanied by Miss Minor, pianist, and Professor Fuchs, violinist.

The Oratorio

On Sunday afternoon another crowded house listened to a remarkably fine performance of Mendelssohn's great oratorio, "Elijah," under the direction of Dean Wade R. Brown. There was no organ, but Dean Brown from many sources had commandeered an excellent orchestra. We shall not soon forget the beauty and quality of the rendition. The soloists were again Gladys Campbell, '25, soprano, Rebecca Ogburn, '27, contralto, Professor Bates, tenor, and Grady Miller, baritone.

Sunday Evening

Vesper service was held in the auditorium, with Theresa McDuffie, president of the senior class, presiding. Doctor Merrill, the minister of the morning, again brought the message.

Monday

The first thing that claimed our interest after we were finally awake and breakfasted on Monday morning was the senior unmusical recital, given in Students Building, a performance in which take-offs on the faculty "as they really are," especially as seen by the seniors, were humorously portrayed. Of course it was caricature; and of course it was truth! The farce centered around the all important question, "shall the students be allowed to see George White's 'Scandals'?" Arguments, heated and illuminating, for and against, were advanced by various members of the faculty. But in the end they showed their superiority by being unable to reach any decision at all! Burlesques on various musical and other entertainment features at the college during the year were also cleverly presented.

The teas given by the societies came in for their place on the morning pro-

gram and were attended by a goodly number of our guests.

Class Day

In the afternoon came Class Day on front campus. This year, for the first time, the usual prophecy, last will and testament, class history, poem, and so on, were discarded, and in their place was given a "Modern Interpretation of Tennyson's 'Princess'," written by Nancy Little and Theresa McDuffie. The program was divided into three parts: Part one, the welcome address by the president of the class; part two, the interpretation: time, a spring evening in the twentieth century; place, a morning court; queen, Theresa McDuffie; courtiers, senior class and their guests; bard, Nancy Little. This division consisted of a prologue and a series of tableaux posed by members of the class. Part three consisted of the installation of the incoming officers of the class: President, Susan Borden, Goldsboro; Vice-President, Katherine Tighe, Asheville; Secretary, Tempie Williams, Raleigh; Treasurer, Nina Smith, Charlotte; Cheer Leader, Louise C. Smith, Greensboro. The new president spoke the farewell words and Mary Frances Craven sang the parting song.

Park Night

Since Peabody Park was still too wet from the recent rains to permit of staging the exercises there, they were carried indoors and presented in the auditorium immediately after class day. Josephine Hege, as the result of the secret student ballot, was disclosed in the role of service. Jane Summerell, '10, represented the faculty as knowledge, and Rena Cole, '24, represented the alumnae as experience.

The Graduating Exercises

Following a new departure, the graduating exercises took place this year on Monday night. President Foust presided. Judge N. A. Townsend, of

Dunn, made the address. President Foust introduced the speaker as a man who had made a real contribution to the life of the state, and who had greatly aided us in carrying forward our plans for the development of the college. As a leader in the General Assembly of North Carolina and as a legislator, he had always stood for progressive ideals, and, said President Foust, "has been one of the most substantial friends this college has had in the legislative halls at Raleigh. Moreover, on account of his conspicuous ability, his character as a citizen, his legal ability, and the service he has rendered, he was recently appointed a superior court judge." Judge Townsend's theme was, "The Building of a Greater North Carolina." He pointed out the three outstanding problems now facing the state, and emphasized the responsible part that the young women before him must play if these problems are to be successfully met and solved.

The deans of the various schools presented the graduates in their respective divisions: Dean Smith, for the college of liberal arts and sciences; Dean

Shaffer, for the school of home economics; and Dean Brown, for the school of music. The students filed upon the stage, entering from the rear, received their diploma from the hands of the president, left the stage from the right, and reentered the hall, taking their same places.

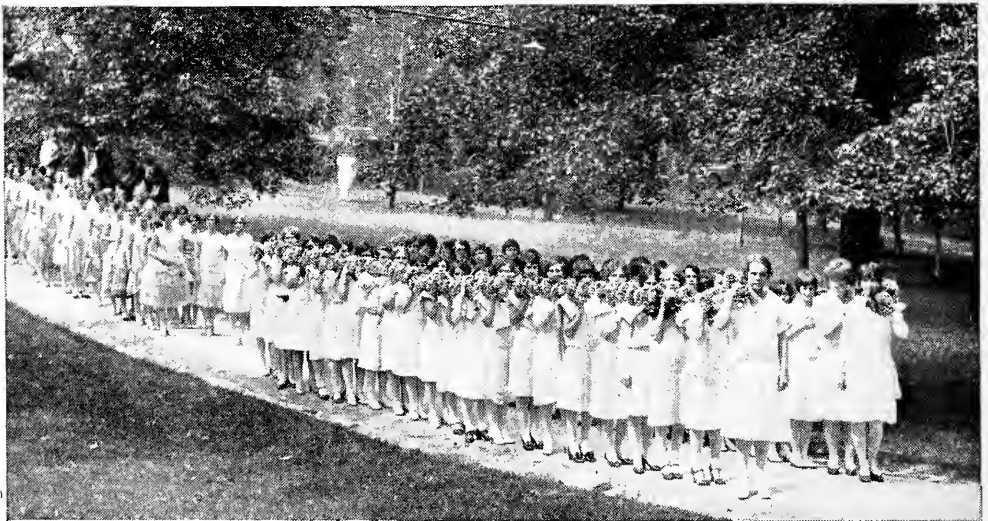
President Foust's Message to the Senior Class

The entire commencement program was brought to a final close in the message of President Foust to the outgoing class:

Members of the class of 1927: I have just handed to you your diplomas which confer upon you the bachelor's degree. I do this for the board of directors and the faculty, who have received from the legislature of North Carolina the authority to grant these degrees. It is a great pleasure for me as president of your college to confer these degrees upon each of you.

I really hesitate to attempt to add anything to what has been said to you during this commencement occasion, but notwithstanding the excellent addresses to which you have listened during the last few days, I as your president desire to say the last word to you as you leave your alma mater.

Benjamin Franklin, in writing to his mother about his son William, closed his letter with a



THE DAISY CHAIN, CARRIED BY THE SOPHOMORES ON CLASS DAY

In their rear the seniors are just beginning to move into the picture, preceded by Wilmer Kuck, '28, chief marshal, and led by Susan Borden and Katherine Tighe, incoming president and vice-president of the class

sentence which has really become historic. He says he much prefers that his son be able to render some service to other people during his life than that he should accumulate riches. A certain writer quoting this sentence, adds that Benjamin Franklin thus became the first civilized American; and in my opinion he is right in this conclusion. No person really becomes civilized in the true sense of the word until he recognizes the fact that a life spent in the service of others is the highest ideal for which we should all strive. I confidently expect each of you to go out from this college with the genuine desire to be helpful to those people with whom you come in contact, and I am also convinced that you will make their lives better and happier because you will share with them what this college has been able to give you.

Many things occur to me that I might say to you along this line, but with your permission I shall attempt to leave only one idea with you, which I hope will be helpful to the state that has been so kind to you in enabling you to reach the happy place that you occupy at this time. All through the ages we have been attempting to define true democracy. There have been various definitions and much confusion as to what the term really means. To my mind the best democracy for which you and I can strive is to use our influence and power to give every child within this state an opportunity to develop to the fullest extent all of his natural ability. After all has been said, I think the best thing that you and I can do for humanity is to give our lives in an attempt to make the next generation enjoy more abun-

dant blessings, a larger vision, and a fuller life than *we* have been able to attain.

I hope, therefore, it is not out of place for me to say to the members of the largest graduating class that has ever gone out from this college, that each member should be a good citizen in her attempt to spread intelligence among all the people of the commonwealth, and especially to stand steadfastly for those things which will give the children the largest and best opportunities for education.

May I add another word in this connection. It will not be possible for you to do this unless your own lives are full of good cheer and happiness. The pessimist has no place in this world of progress. I well know that disappointments and sorrows will come to each of you, but it is my hope that you will always meet disaster and face the difficulties and problems of life with a sympathetic spirit and a smiling face.

North Carolina has been kind to you, and has enabled you to enjoy many privileges denied others. You should return this gift by adding in every possible way to the happiness and contentment of all the people with whom you come in contact.

Your alma mater sends you out with the confident expectation that you will make North Carolina and the world better because of the larger opportunities that you have enjoyed at this college. We have an abiding faith in you that your efforts along this line will not be in vain, but will be crowned with success. Your alma mater sends you out into this world of service with her best love and sincere good wishes.

THE WEIL FELLOWSHIP

Several years ago Mrs. Henry Weil, of Goldsboro, gave to the college the sum of \$6,000, the interest of which, according to the terms of the gift, is to be used to maintain the Weil Fellowship, in memory of her late husband, Mr. Henry Weil, to enable some young woman to do graduate work in a leading university in the country. Julia Ross, '24, now Mrs. W. L. Lambert, Asheboro, was the first to receive the award, and did her graduate work at Columbia University. Margaret Bridgers, '25, Tarboro, received the next award, and carried on her advanced study at the University of North Carolina. Kate Hall, Asheville, received the Fellowship in 1926, and studied at Yale University. This

year Josephine Hege, Roanoke Rapids, was the successful member of her class. In announcing the award President Foust said that the committee had unanimously made the award to Miss Hege, who had not only made the highest record of the class, but had shown marked leadership in the college community.

MURPHY PRIZE

The prize of \$25.00 given annually by Judge J. D. Murphy, of Asheville, to the member of the junior or senior class who writes the best essay on a subject in the field of North Carolina history, was awarded to Alma McFarland, '28. The subject of her essay was "Cooperative Movements Among North Carolina Farmers Since 1900."

The Dedication Address

By DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

IN presenting Doctor Wise to his audience—an audience to whom, however, he was not a stranger, rather a friend of long standing, for he has been among us several times before, Mrs. Everett said, among other fine things: "The place of this college in the history of woman's development and the dedication of this auditorium by its alumnae make this occasion of more than passing significance. We, therefore, sought to have as the chief speaker of the day one whose life and work were commensurate with the event. Born in Hungary, educated in America, he has so appreciated the essential unity of humanity and has so wrought for its advancement that he is today acknowledged as one of the outstanding humanitarians of the world, whose life is dedicated to the uplift of mankind, irrespective of race, place, or condition. Author, orator, educator, preacher, peace advocate, humanitarian—I present to you Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue, New York."

MADAM Chairman, Mr. President, Mr. Superintendent of Education of North Carolina: Doctor Merrill, the baccalaureate preacher of the morrow, and I were saying a moment ago that if the governor of North Carolina goes to New York to sell bonds and get money, the College for Women of North Carolina goes to New York to get preachers!

I am very fearful of this presence, madam chairman, not because this is an audience of educated persons, for I am not at all sure about that (after all, you are only college graduates!), but because you are more or less absolute in your Americanism racially. The last thing that a young daughter of mine said to me yesterday afternoon as I left for your state was this: "Now remember, father, do not say *building* or *dedicating* or *consecrating* or they will think you cannot speak English. You must say *buildin'*, *consecratin'*, *dedicatin'*, and then they will almost forget that you were not born in America!" Well, I cannot hope in a few hours to achieve the charm of the genial speech of the South!

I am hoping that the English department is ill today. From my very earliest days, from the time when at the age of sixteen I translated myself from Europe to America and began to learn English, I have had a horror of the English department—a horror that as the years have passed has been somewhat mitigated, I must confess, by the slovenliness with which English is usually spoken by its teachers. The same daughter whom I

have just mentioned said to me some years ago, as I sallied forth to address a company of teachers, still more fearsome or fearful rather, than you are: "Now remember, daddy, you are going to speak to teachers; you are foreign born; you have never really learned how to speak English—now remember one thing: never use a preposition to close a sentence with!"

I have been wondering, madam chairman, Mr. President, Mr. Superintendent, members of the faculty, why I should have been chosen to make the address today, but Madam Chairman has betrayed the secret—I have stood up today in order to show you just what remains to be done for the foreign born in America. You know we hear much about Anglo-Saxonizing and Americanizing (and all the "izing!"), and we poor ministers of the Jewish faith have a rather hard time of it. You will hardly believe me I know when I tell you that not so long ago a fellow minister said to me, "Rabbi Wise, come over home and have luncheon today." And I accepted. But a little later he said, "You know, Wise, I am glad you are coming, but I must tell you, when I told Mrs. Wright today that I would bring a rabbi home to luncheon, she asked, 'What shall we do with him—bake him, broil him or stew him?'"

I cannot tell you how deeply I am moved by the thought of the spectacle of this hour. No one else so far has mentioned the name of the architect of this noble and simple building. His

name is unknown to me, but I cannot forbear to call attention to the indebtedness under which you rest to the one who designed and erected this building. It is simple and beautiful. It seems to me that the architect has achieved, with the aid of engineers, I presume, the miracle, and the rather rarish miracle, of perfect acoustics. If the architect is here, I pray that he accept this tribute to him, though nameless to me, of all this great company of women and men here gathered.

May I be forgiven, Madam Chairman, and Mr. President, if, in making the dedication address of the hour, I refer to a practice of my fathers. Whenever my fathers celebrated an occasion such as this they were wont to cite two verses from the Hebrew Bible: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it." And then at a moment of high joy such as this they added: (The Hebrew words are so beautiful that I am going to beg your forgiveness if I read them. Hebrew quoted)! "And this is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." But I must at once add a bit of exegesis in which my fathers indulged. "Therein" or "in it" has another meaning and can be translated at least as accurately. "Let us be glad and rejoice," not "*in it*" but "*with him*." And my fathers added yet again: The rejoicing in which humans can share with the divine is the rejoicing or the joyfulness of the creative power and the creative genius. In other words, you rejoice and are glad with the divine, because, though humans, you have had a part with God in the planning and the dreaming, in the making and the shaping of this nobleness. Do you chance to remember a word that was uttered by Thomas Huxley (and having met the professor of biology this morning I assume that I am uttering the name of Huxley without incurring the danger of provocation)—do you remember the word that Huxley spoke at the laying

of the corner stone of Johns Hopkins University fifty-one years ago: "Size is not greatness," said he; "territory does not make a nation. The great, the overhanging question is this: 'What are you going to do with these things?'"

Mr. President, forgive me if I turn to you and to this company of your graduates and students and in all earnestness ask you and them together (though to you no such word be needful): What are you going to do with these things? What are these things? To me these things are certain pledges of faith, certain utterances of vital and vitalizing belief which are your own. For me the dedication of this auditorium of the North Carolina College for Women means a reutterance, or rather a reaffirmation of certain cardinal and inevitable doctrines of personal and collective faith on your part as Americans, as North Carolinians, and those charged with the responsibility of carrying on the great work in which you are engaged. Women and men, this consecration today is a reaffirmation of your faith as Americans. I bid you note my term "as Americans."

America is the home of the great experiment in democracy. The "experiment" (I choose the word advisedly) in any event is not yet a failure—democracy is worth while. It is yet being tested; it is yet on trial. But it has not yet been proved to be the woe-ful and ignominious failure that men here and there and everywhere lift up their voices in order to proclaim it, not only within the boundaries of our own land, but abroad, in Central Europe, in Southern Europe, in Eastern Europe. I wonder whether you are touched as I am by a sense of disappointment as I hear multitudinous voices lifted up, all of them saying in effect, "Democracy has failed; the experiment is no longer worth trying. We must seek some other, newer, truer and wiser method of political and collective life." Surely you will not imagine that I am infring-

ing upon the dominion of political partisanship when I say to you today that perhaps it lies in you, my own Americans of Americans, bearer of the torch of Anglo-Saxon faith and idealism, to confute with all the courage and power and faith of your souls, the lie that democracy is a failure and that some other and better and more workable scheme of collective life must be found.

I might go back to the free diction of James Bryce, whose comparatively last word to the English-speaking world was this: "I know all the difficulties, I know all the imperfections, I know all the unworthiness of the Western order of life;" "and yet," he adds, "if we abandon the democratic way, to what other way shall we turn with any degree of faith and hopefulness?" The question for you as Americans, as educated Americans, is, "Are you to be so blinded by the fugitive symptoms of failure as to be unmindful of an intervening body of abiding tokens of triumph of the democratic ideal?" After all, the democratic experiment is not more than one hundred and fifty years, not even one hundred and fifty-one years old. There ought to be no tolerance of the failure in the thought of Americans touching the fundamentals of democracy. Be pessimists, if you please, touching the endeavor and the instrumentalities of party and partisanship in America, but be not pessimists, be not alarmists touching those things which are being worked out, the experimental stage of which has not yet passed.

I come here today to bid you renew your faith in America—America with all its faults, with all the imperfections of its head, but which has still a great and splendid promise of a democratic life which cannot be the rule of the mob; a promise of democratic life, which after all, shines clear and steady and strong against that form of political life under which Italy struggles and Russia agonizes. There are difficulties before us, there are obstacles to overcome,

there are insurmountable problems to face. The genius of America is to translate the impossible into the possible. The genius of America is to show that despite the diversity of peoples and races and faiths and folks which have come to dwell under the pentecostal skies of America, we yet may work out a curriculum that shall be just and true and righteous altogether.

Madam president, women and men, the second re-affirmation of faith that is embodied in the dedication of this auditorium might be said in some such terms as these: Despite the scoffers and the cynics, education is worth while; that is, we can arrive at some really worthwhile and meaningful definition of education. If you think of education as an instrument or instrumentality which a man or woman uses for his or her own gain or aggrandizement, then I am not at all certain that I am prepared to affirm that education is worthwhile. Perhaps you will name me overconfident if I dare to give you my own definition of education, since there are institutions in forty-eight commonwealths such as North Carolina interested in what we call higher education. But even so may I venture to define education in phrases somewhat different from those found in the textbooks, or those you hear from your professors in the class rooms. Education is not an instrument which a man may use. Education has a purpose which uses a man or a woman not for his own gain but for the futherance of the commonwealth. We are not to use education—we are to suffer education to use us. We are to suffer the purposes of education to master us. We are not to master education—education is to dominate and rule and guide you and me.

What does education today mean? The meaning of education is to enable men and women to choose. To choose—that is all. Oh! I might cite a score of definitions of education. There are a million definitions. One says it is to

train the mind and the fingers. But I offer you a simple definition, which as I have indicated, chances to be my own: the business of education is to help men and women to choose. Life is an infinite series of choices, but you cannot really choose unless you weigh, balance, seek, learn, know. Choice is not an impulse. Choosing is by reason—reason—deliberate processes of mind. Education is that which helps men and women to choose; and if it be education to choose—what? The better, the truer, the finer, the juster way of life. And how shall we know what is the better and juster and finer way of life? And will we know, and can we know in America, and can we know even in this commonwealth, which, after all, is in danger of succumbing to all the temptations of a thriving, flourishing, industrial commonwealth—can we know what is the better way unless they who educate and unless they who are responsible for education and are the masters of its processes cherish values that are worth while.

If you ask me what is the function of a college or university, I answer you, it is an instrumentality to stem the tide of a heresy that only things count. A college or university is a citadel over which this standard is raised, "Not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." Let the world give itself to things, and things and things. But let the college or university proclaim: "Not by might or by power, but by my Spirit," which is eternal. Does the higher law of God reign? The business of a college is to deny the heresy that nothing succeeds like success and getting and gaining, accumulating and holding *things*. The business of a college which lifts up the standard of true values is to proclaim that sometimes, oftentimes, nothing succeeds like failure. Sometimes the one thing in the world to despise is the quest of things. The business of a college is to send forth men and women charged with the ideals that things do

not matter, possessions are fleeting, power is evanescent, fame is unabiding. Nothing abides save the will so to use and master the external things of life as to make the spirit of truth and beauty and justice triumph in all the affairs of men and women. And you and I are to remember that in the unseen relations of life, and the intimacies of the home life which we build, that the glory of the home is, after all, not the multiplicity of possessions, but the beauty of the spirit of holiness.

And as North Carolinians you are to remember that although you move forward, in order to make of yourselves one of the great commonwealths of the nation, you are not to sacrifice the beauty of holiness which is yet your own in the uncertain quest which cannot grant you any of the durable satisfactions of life. The business of North Carolina is not to be a maker of cotton goods, but to suffer cotton to be one of a thousand instrumentalities, and nothing more than that, in the making and enriching of the life of men and women who shall be the re-makers and re-shapers of that spiritual America which alone is worth while.

The great, the overhanging question as we said in the beginning is this: What are you going to do with these things? Women and men, I am not minded at this moment to direct your thoughts to the problem of our relations as a people to the other peoples of earth. But I cannot forbear saying to you that you North Carolinians, you who come as near as any of our group of Americans to being the children of that first company of pioneers of American life—I cannot forbear saying to you: the business of America is not to make America safe, the business of America is to make the world safe for the things we cherish. And if a little republic to the south or a mighty people to the far east, puissant in their own miraculous awakening—if they hunger and thirst for the things by which we live, instead

of helping to push them back, as push them back we may, let us be first among the nations of the world, whether England help, or whether France or Japan will or will not—let us be first among the peoples of earth to welcome and to further the rise and the advent of the least of the greatest of peoples into the fellowship of democracy. And so become the senior comrade.

I am not speaking of our federating with a particular group of nations bearing a particular name. I would open your minds (though I know I need not and cannot help you)—I would open your minds if I might, if it were needful, to an understanding of the truth. We are no longer an isolated nation. And when from the western continent to the east can be achieved in a little more than a day by a glorious youth of divine courage and simple faith, then the word "Washington" achieves a new meaning, and we begin to feel that "foreign" and "entanglements" are terms that must be relegated to an obsolete vocabulary.

I repeat even to the point of wearying you: the business of America is not to sit down in the midst of peace and security and plenty and rejoice therein and say, "This is the day which the Lord hath made for us;" but rather, "This is the day, this is the generation, this is the age which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad with Him in His creative joy of sharing, of sharing peace and plenty and security with all the peoples of earth."

And finally, men and women, I believe that the dedication of this auditorium of the North Carolina College for Women involves another affirmation, and that third as I see it is this, that the education of women is not only worth while and needful, but it is simply inevitable and inevitably simple, and any other course has now become inevitable. A friend in New York who learned that I was to make one of the addresses at this hour, asked me: "Wise, are you

going to answer the unspoken objection to the higher education for women—that two or three generations ago in the southland there were educated women, there were highly and finely cultivated women, though there were no so-called colleges for the higher education of women?" The answer seemed and continues to seem rather simple. Ask some of these educated folks (and I suppose one may assume a professor is educated)—ask some of these folks here on the platform today, your teachers, how much time and opportunity and leisure and effort they can in any wise give to the education of their own children. I know that I spent the first twenty years of my children's life to the complete neglect of their education, partly because I had nothing to teach them and partly because, like the rest of you, I am a much occupied person, with many heavy burdens resting upon me. So I have had to entrust the education of my daughter and my son to the colleges and universities. I could not do it. And my wife who is the only really educated person in my family had neither the time nor the strength to teach them. We no longer teach in classes of one.

I have the belief that many so-called educations are futile because the superstructure of them is not builded upon the foundations laid in the home. I do believe that many people never achieve an education because the home life does not or cannot cooperate with the school and college. The education of today is not the education that can be given in the home. I tremble to think what would have happened if my children had asked me to teach them chemistry, history, astronomy, Latin, Greek. I might have given them an imperfect understanding of Jewish theology because there is not much of it; but as for the rest—I ought to be ashamed to tell you that my son went to four colleges and didn't get it, and my daughter to three colleges and a university, and has not yet got it—but of course she thinks she has. So I am

not worried about the homes in the south. In the homes of charm and graciousness there was education. But the homes of cultivation and leisure and charm belonged, after all, to a futile order, a beautiful order, which was utterly gracious, utterly charming, incomparably beautiful, but not a part of the democratic order which has touched North Carolina and the rest of the nation.

But of course the real difficulty in the matter of women's education is this. Of the young women, the youth of forty years ago, they said, "Why have a woman go to college; she will never know how to make a home, to be a wife; she will never deign to accept the duties of wifehood and motherhood and homemaking. Well, that is another one of the masculine theories which feminine practice has shown to be false. We males have a genius for multiplying theories about women, which women find no difficulty at all in exploding and proving to be of no value whatsoever. The educated women of America today are the best homemakers and homebuilders. And what American worthy of the name would be willing to revert to the order which denied to multitudes of women the opening of the door to higher education. I know that the southland is not exactly the place to say this, but I wonder whether life in America would be what it is today if fifty, sixty, eighty years ago, women had borne their share of the burden of citizenship and had taken their part in building up the common life of America which has not been transformed, which has not been redeemed. I am speaking of your failure to claim equal citizenship for men and women in America. But we shall yet evolve a better society because the burdens rest upon all of us, not merely upon some of us.

What are you going to do with these things, women of North Carolina, graduates and students of the North Carolina College for Women? Mine is the privilege of uttering the word of prayerful consecration at this moment. I seem to some of you not to be of your particular faith. Believe it not, believe it not—we are of one faith. You and I believe in God, the Father which art in Heaven and on earth. You and I believe that life may be consecrated, hallowed, made holy by the quest of the spirit which makes for the regnancy of truth and the sovereignty of the spiritual over the material. You and I are of one faith; for whatever our credal, theological, dogmatic differences—this is not the time to dwell upon divisions and diversities; this is the hour to dwell upon that possibility of spiritual unity, which I call the enveloping religion of America. For me America is not a place, not a region, not a form of government, not a territory. For me America is a religion; for me America is a spirit. I believe in a spiritual America, in which all that we are and see and have is nothing more than the passing improvement of the permanent form and freedom and envelopment—this is spiritual America. This is America of the spirit, this is the America of truthseekers, this is the America of justice between men and men, between people and people, between nation and nation—this is the America of faith. Is it not that all peoples are hearing one another under the sovereignty of God? This and only this is your and my America.

With your consent and on your behalf, I make free to dedicate this auditorium of the North Carolina College for Women to the highest uses of this commonwealth of North Carolina, to the loftiest, noblest purposes of our America forever.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

By WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL

Subject: *The Religious Responsibility of Educated Men and Women*

IN introducing Dr. Merrill to his great audience on Sunday morning, President Foust said among other things: "The senior class has selected this year one of the outstanding preachers of the country. He has been pastor in leading churches in Philadelphia and Chicago, and is now pastor of one of the most important churches in New York City, the Brick Presbyterian Church. But his interests and sympathies go far beyond his work as pastor. He is chairman of the Church Peace Union, and president of the American Branch of the World Alliance for International Friendship; and he is an author of note. He is, therefore, a good citizen in addition to being a pastor and pulpit orator." Certain it is that in the long series of notable events which characterized our Homecoming and Dedication days, Dr. Merrill's sermon occupies an outstanding place. We commend it to your thoughtful reading.

Text, Matthew 16:15; "Who say ye that I am?"

THAT is a question no one here can afford to disregard. It has a direct bearing on the part which college men and women ought to take in the working out of the religion needed in this country and throughout the world.

There is general agreement that one of the supreme needs of our time is the need of a religion strong enough to empower us to live cheerfully and successfully a godly life amid modern conditions. We are gaining power and knowledge with amazing rapidity. The serious question is whether we have character, grace, soul strength, to make us masters of the giant forces that stand ready either to serve or to destroy us. We are like the fishermen in the Arabian Nights, cowering before the djinn he has released, half-wishing he could crowd him back into the box, yet knowing that, if he can control him, there opens before him a life of inestimable richness.

Farseeing men have an uneasy sense that our world is running away with us. The ancient myth is being worked out; Apollo has turned over his chariot to men, and the team is headed straight for destruction.

That strange soul, Henry Adams, has set in verse the essence of the present situation:

"Crossing the hostile seas, our eager band
Saw rising hills and forests in the blue,—
Our Father's Kingdom in the Promised Land!
We seized it,—and dethroned the Father, too.
Brave tho' we be, we dread to face the Sphinx
Or answer the old riddle she still asks.
Strong as we are, our reckless courage shrinks
To look beyond the piece-work of our tasks."

There it is, the spirit of our age; to be wholly occupied with things, with present tasks, with piece-work. We must be cured of our nearsightedness. We must enthrone once more the Father; we must regain our lost sense of the eternal; we must meet and master the titanic facts and forces of our time in the power of a real and vital religion, whereby God takes control through us.

One of our major difficulties is that we do not always see that this task of providing a working religion is the business of everyone of us. One of the worst of present day tendencies is the habit of letting others do things for us. The age of industry and invention has accustomed us to the convenient process of having a vast number of servants waiting on us to save us time and trouble. It is likely that most of us have never had occasion to call for the service of a fire department; but there the firemen are day and night, ready at an instant's notice to hurry to our aid. All over the country thousands of telephone operators are ready to serve any one of us. Postmen, railway servants, one could not list the retinue of men and women

ready to serve us in hundreds of different ways.

All of this is wholesome, if it results in setting us free to do the real work of the world, giving us more time for vital interests. Some months ago I enjoyed some hours of amateur music, playing string quartets with three other friends. As we ended one of our enjoyable evenings, one of the men said, "What a pity it is that we have to give so much time to business, that we have so little time for matters of real importance, like music." That remark would doubtless be greeted by many business men with a smile of derision, but I am not sure that it would not be thought a correct judgment in an ideal society. What on earth is the good of time-saving and labor-saving machinery and methods, if we are not going to use the time and labor they save for work and play that enlarges and ennobles the soul?

A Chinese gentleman was being taken by his host from his office in New York to his suburban home. The American glanced at his watch and remarked, "If we hurry, we can just catch the express." So they walked at a rapid pace, ran through the waiting-room, dashed through the gate just before it closed, jumped on the train, and then, as they sank back in the seat, the American said proudly, "We've saved fifteen minutes." "Ah," said the Chinese gentleman politely, "and what shall we do with it now we have saved it?"

Labor-saving machinery, time-saving devices—what shall we do with the leisure they provide? That is the supreme question with regard to them. Will life be richer when we can all get from here to France in thirty-three hours? That depends on what we do when we get there, what use we make of the time we save. The finest thing about Lindberg is not his flight to Paris, but how he has behaved since.

The serious matter is that this tendency to let others do things for us is

making itself strongly felt in parts of our life where the really important thing is not getting the thing done, but doing it. More and more, in our cultural life, in play and art and religion, we are getting the habit of sitting in the grandstand, and watching the professionals do the thing. Is it not true that the most serious question today in connection with college athletics is how to make college athletics a general movement for the physical and mental welfare of the whole student body, rather than a spectacle in which a few highly capable and trained athletes do the work while the rest watch?

Music we are dealing with in the same fashion. In homes where once the various members of the family or of the neighborhood got together to play and sing of an evening, now they turn on the radio, and hear a symphony concert, or a dinner orchestra. Better music, of course. But something is lost out of life, when the amateur ceases doing things himself, and degenerates into a mere critic and listener. There is something of incalculable value in doing for one's self that which is worth doing; and there is a vital loss when I turn over to another anything fine and high which I might do if I would take the trouble to do it. The ideal society would set as many men and women as possible free from drudgery, but only in order that they might the more completely give themselves to those great thoughts and pursuits that enrich the spirit.

There are two great interests of our life which are especially hurt by this grandstand habit, this tendency to let some do the work, while most of us watch. They are politics and religion. My concern now is wholly with religion. I want to set before you as straightforwardly and strongly as I may the responsibility and opportunity now confronting college men and college women. The obligation resting on them to work out the development of the religion we

need, here in America and all over the world.

Religion is one of those interests which cannot, without grave detriment and loss, be delegated by anyone to anyone else. Religion is essentially a matter of personal living and personal attitude towards life. You can no more let someone else attend to your religion for you than you can let someone else attend to your married life for you, or read your books for you, or eat your food for you. If it isn't yours, it isn't religion.

Moreover, the development of religion as a social power is one of the few matters in which all must take a hand. It cannot be left with safety to a professional class. Every time in history that men have so left religion to a professional group, it has degenerated, and become worthless, if not actually harmful. True religion is like democracy, in that it will not work unless each individual does his part.

The young men and young women in our colleges do not always appreciate this basic truth about religion, or feel a personal responsibility for its proper outworking. I venture to say that many of you instinctively feel that religion is something for which the church, the ministers, the priests, the authorities are responsible; something to which perhaps you owe a certain duty; but you don't feel charged with responsibility for its ongoing and proper functioning.

Now this business of religion is your business. Everybody's business, of course; but peculiarly the concern of the student body, of educated men and women. You will be a failure, in an important part of your functioning as a citizen, if you are not doing your full share in solving this problem of how religion can be made real and effective and commanding, as an element in our social life.

Religion needs a new outworking today. It is not the power and the joy that it ought to be in human life. Most of us would, I am sure, agree em-

phatically that some sort of religion is highly important, or even absolutely necessary. We would not like to live in a godless world. But there is great difference of opinion and confusion as to the religion we need. At the one extreme stand the champions of a rigid and stereotyped orthodoxy; at the other extreme stand those who call for a complete change. From several sources has lately come the interesting suggestion that we should develop a distinctively American type of religion for Americans. Some even profess to see the beginnings of such a religion in the organization and traditions of Rotary clubs and similar organizations, and in the developing ceremonial of patriotism.

In between these two extremes we find a bewildering variety of views, as to the content and method of the religion we need. Meanwhile large numbers of young people, and of older people too, are finding the present institutions and ways of religion unsatisfying. The most serious element in the situation is that so many good, earnest young people drop the outward forms and ways of religion so easily, as if they had slight importance or none.

The strange fact is that almost universally people assume that this is a problem for the church alone. It is a problem for the church, of course, and a serious one. But it is a problem for every decent man and woman, for everyone who hopes to have a home, to be a good citizen of the community. Above all, it is a problem for every educated man and woman, whose sacred business it is, in return for the boon of education, to give his best thought and service to the outworking of all that makes for the higher life of humanity. Any man or woman who goes through college, and then doesn't do and give his utmost to help work out the problems of a real and satisfying religion, is simply not playing the game.

You know what happens to government, when it is left to the professional

politicians. The same thing happens to religion, when left to the professional ecclesiastics. The only way we shall ever get the religion we need functioning adequately in our national life is through every one of us working at it honestly and to the best of his capacity, with a deep sense of personal responsibility. It is high time that educated men and women were awakening to the fact that religion is no side issue, but one of the indispensable elements of true life. Chesterton is no more than ordinarily extravagant when he says that even in renting a room from a landlady the most important question to ask is, "What is your attitude to the universe?" Religion is one of the few matters that really matter all through life.

If you take this responsibility seriously, I believe you will find certain great simple principles or facts to be your best guides.

First of all, what is really needed is not a new religion at all, but a free, intelligent, spiritual, practical clearing up of that outstanding religion we call Christianity.

No new religion can meet the need. No other religion can mean much to America or to the modern world. What James Harvey Robinson says of the mind is equally true of the soul; that we may dream of a soul wholly divorced from the past, but no such soul really exists. There is far more hope in clearing what has come to us from the past, than in trying to start afresh. There was wisdom as well as wit in the retort Talleyrand is said to have made to a young enthusiast who told him he was about to launch a new religion, and wanted advice as to the best way to do it. "Get yourself crucified," said the shrewd official, "and then rise from the dead on the third day."

But a large and increasing number of men and women who are convinced, loyal, and thoroughgoing Christians, are seeing more and more plainly that

Christianity has come down the ages, not as crown jewels come down through generations, but as a stream comes down from the mountains, gathering to itself all sorts of material, good and bad. There come times when it is imperative that the course of the stream be cleared; we are now at such a time; and we need the best intelligence, spiritual insight, devotion, and daring that all true men and women are capable of giving to do this task in a way at all commensurate with its vital and immediate importance.

You may answer—I hear young people say it—that the church will not let you do this work, of putting clear thinking, true insight, free devotion, at the service of religion. There are two direct answers; the first is that, more than you think, the church is ready and waiting for such strong and earnest leading; the second is that you must do the work whether with the church or over its protests. I believe in the church. But religion means infinitely more than the church. With the church, if at all possible, as I am sure it is; but without the church, or in spite of the church, if that painful necessity should arise, man must be equipped with the pure Christianity he needs.

Some years ago, in the Shawangunk Mountains, a hundred miles or so north of New York City, I saw a wonderful spring, the water from which is now being shipped far and wide for its wholesome and beneficial qualities. I was told that not many years before, there was just a tiny trickle of water there, through a mass of rubbish and tangle of undergrowth. There was a tradition of a famous spring somewhere about, and someone started to clear away the rubbish. He found a tunnel going back into the side of the mountain; and when the passage was cleared, the bright, living water flowed out in a mighty stream. Our Christianity is waiting for you trained young leaders to make such explorations, such clearing away of that which chokes the passage, that the pure

water of life may flow for the good of man.

If you ask how you may best start to give the cause of religion, the effective service it rightly demands of you, I put the question of our text, "Who say you that I am?" Get back to Christ for yourself, face the facts about Him, come to know Him, what He was, what He is, what He has done, what He stands for: make up your mind, in view of all the facts, what you think about Him, and then say what you think, and stand by it.

I am not calling you, I do not believe God calls you, to take what the creeds have said, or what this or that church says, or what this or that critic says. But here is a mighty fact: back at the start of the Christian movement, and all along through it, is a very wonderful figure, a person who, explain it as you will, has made more difference to the world than any one else that has ever lived. I heard Maude Royden say once, "You may say what you will about the miracles; here is a miracle which cannot be disputed—that that one life, in three short years, changed the whole course of human history."

Now this is what I am saying, that you are not fit to be regarded as truly educated, nor are you ready to discharge the true function of an educated citizen in the community, until you have faced that great fact of Christ, come to a judgment on it, and made up your mind, or your will, to stand by the judgment to which you have come. How can anyone claim to be cultured, or educated, who has never taken the trouble to find out what he really thinks about the greatest force that has ever affected human life? And I venture to assert that, if only we could get every thoughtful man and woman in America to *face the fact of Christ*, to decide what to think of Him, on the basis of real knowledge, of patient study of His life and teaching and influence, we would

quickly find the religion we need taking on shape and power.

It is an encouraging sign that we are beginning to get some evidences of such personal facing of the fact of Christ. Lately three books and a statuette came to my attention almost simultaneously. One of the books was "The Man Nobody Knows"—a popular production, by an up-to-the-minute magazine writer. Another was "The Christ of the Indian Road"—a quiet, deeply spiritual little book by a missionary in India. The third was "Jesus, Man of Genius"—a literary venture of a high order, by the editor of the London Athenaeum. The statuette was by an artist from the middle west, who has a passion for the working man and his rights. But the outstanding fact about them all was that each of them was an attempt to say what that man thought of Christ. One saw Christ as the prototype of the successful business man, another as appealing to the mystical soul of the Orient, the third as a Man of Genius, the fourth as the hero and champion of the proletariat. But below all of these differences was the great fact that each saw Christ, and said what he saw. Let that movement go on, let each man and woman go in and face Christ, and come out and say what he has found, and we shall see slowly gathering out of the mass of varying visions the outlines of the religion we need.

I was deeply impressed with what was said by the author of one of the three books to which I have referred, as to how he came to write it. He had said to himself something like this: "Here I am, a mature man, professing to be educated, and yet with no clear judgment of my own about the man who has meant most to the progress of mankind. That is not decent." So Middleton Murry wrote his book.

He was right. We may not all write books. The Lord forbid! But it is the sacred duty of every one of us, which

he cannot evade without failing to be what he should be, to face for himself the fact of Christ, and to follow wherever it may lead him. The whole confused tangled matter of religion today will fall into shape if every man and woman who can think straight, and live by what he thinks, will so face the fact of Christ. That is all. That is simple. That may be terribly hard. But it will be glorious. And there is no other way.

This is the challenge I would bring to you young women of the class of 1927, about to leave these halls to make your way in the world. This is the burden I would lay upon your souls, the vision I would set before your eyes. Whatever else you do or fail to do, resolve that by the grace of the living God you will play your full part in working out the religion which our world today needs for its salvation. And to that end, face the fact of Christ and of Christianity honestly, for yourself.

It is one of the most dramatic and decisive scenes in history from which our text comes. Christ asked His followers what people in general thought about Him. They were ready with their answers. Then He asked, "But who say *ye* that I am?" And when one man said what he thought, in a way that showed he had faced the facts for himself, Christ said, "Now I can start my church, in such a way that it shall last and grow and win its way." That was all He needed. That is all He needs now. To face Christ and Christianity with untrammelled mind, to follow Him with unreserved loyalty, that is the straight, simple, hard path along which you can best serve your time and your world and your God.

This is not a call to surrender your minds to establish creeds, and let the church tell you what to think. It is a

call to you to take all the intellect you have, to put into play all the scientific spirit and method available, to dodge nothing, to face everything, and to put your whole soul into finding out what God is, what religion is, what life should be, through the best available means, which is knowing what Christ is and what He stands for in human life.

There is no other rock on which religion can be safely and soundly built than this rock of personal faith in Christ, openly confessed. And every one of you is called, by your country, by your church, by your conscience, by your God, to help lay that foundation, and on it to erect the temple of the living God for living men and women—that true religion which alone can enable the children of the present world to master its forces, to face its problems, to live in its rush and roar with serenity and zest, through faith in Christ, in whom we find most surely and richly the meaning of God and of life.

The true ideal for modern youth is nobly stated in the words of Frederick W. Robertson: "To live by faith in God; to do and say the right because it is lovely; to dare to gaze on the splendor of naked truth, without putting a false veil before it to terrify children and old women with mystery and vagueness; to walk in love and not in fear; that is the life of a true, brave man, who will take Christ and His will for the truth, instead of the clamor either of the worldly world, or of the religious world." Make that your ideal, and you shall not only honor your college, and justify your position as educated women; you shall also gain the approval of God, and win the noblest of all honors, that of being "counted worthy to stand before the Son of Man."

Through the Looking Glass

OUR ALUMNAE IN THE OCCUPATIONS AND PROFESSIONS

AS is well known, our alumnae have made their chief contribution by far to the teaching profession. This is true partly because the need and the opportunity have been greatest there. But as time passes, as the state develops, and training for other work is made easier to secure, our alumnae are also finding their places in other fields of endeavor. Among the occupations and professions in which they are already engaged, and which are listed in the office of the alumnae secretary, are these: expert accountants, cafeteria and tea room managers, chautauqua directors, chemists, chiropractors, dietitians in schools and colleges, farmers, florists, home demonstration agents, insurance representatives, interior decorators, missionaries, actresses, salesmen, engineering assistant, embalmer, clinical pathologist, dentist, U. S. forester, illustrator, merchant, oral hygienist, photographers, realtors, recreational directors, camp counsellors, journalists, laboratory technicians, lawyers, doctors, religious secretaries (including Y. W. C. A. workers), social service workers, business secretaries and administrators, librarians, authors; all phases of education—grade teachers, primary, elementary, and high school principals, rural supervisors, college teachers and administrators.

On Saturday afternoon one of the most interesting programs of the Homecoming occasion was made possible by the presence of a number of our outstanding women who gave three minute glimpses of the work they are doing

THE ALUMNAE AS HOMEMAKERS

By MRS. JOE S. WRAY, Gastonia

[Formerly Oeland Barnett, '98. For several years a teacher in the Latin department at the college. A homemaker. For several years a social service worker in Gaston County. At present teacher of Latin in the Gastonia high school. She has two sons, and a daughter whom we hope to have as a freshman sometime soon.]

TOO often we hear it said by the uninitiated, "There is no use sending that girl to college, she will marry and never need it." It is true that most girls approach a college course with the idea that it is a preparation for some other career than that of home-making and motherhood, and that the majority of these who marry have taken no special course dealing with the problems they will have to face in this, one of the greatest of all professions. And yet I believe every wife and mother among us today will agree with me that a college education has proved an invaluable asset—one for which she would not willingly take anything in exchange.

Dr. McIver often said: "Educate the mothers and you will have an educated people." It is the mother who sets the educational standard of the

home, and if she has married a man who has not had her educational advantages, it is all the more necessary for her to maintain a high standard—he, for the most part, taking great pride in her attainments and her recognized standing in the community. If she has married a man whose work lies along educational or professional lines, what a real tragedy if his so-called helpmate cannot keep pace with him intellectually!

A college education opens up vistas of greater knowledge and furnishes that urge to further growth which will not allow us to come to a mental standstill, even when surrounded by the humdrum routine of household duties. And there comes from it an enrichment of the mind and heart which enables us to fall back upon an inner life and supplies us with resources upon which we may draw when conditions around us may seem lacking in the entertaining and cultural.

To the wife and mother, then, a college education furnishes a higher standard, a broader vision, and a certain feel-

ing of confidence that we have at least a firm foundation upon which to build the superstructure of our lives.

And so I'm saying for them what each mother here would say, as we face

the petty problems, and the big ones, day by day, and feel our lack of wisdom, oh, so humbly—who can doubt it? Even with an education, what would we do without it?

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

By MARGARET CASTEX STURGIS, M.D., F.A.C.S., *Philadelphia*

[After her student days at this college, Dr. Sturgis later graduated from Woman's Medical College in 1915; was made Fellow of American College of Surgeons in 1925; is a practicing physician; associate clinical professor of Gynaecology at Woman's Medical College; and on staff of the Woman's College Hospital and the Woman's Hospital. She has also published a number of treatises on medical subjects.]

WHEN I received my invitation to be here with you today, I could not resist the great urge to come. As I look upon this wonderful body of women, I am proud of my state and of my state's college for women. I am glad to be one of you.

This college has always stood for the education of women, especially for the education of teachers. Though I have gone into medicine, I am running true to form, as teaching in a medical college is one of my duties.

The number of women from this college who have entered medicine seems very small, and as I looked over the list, suddenly it appeared to me that I am a real pioneer. Perhaps it was because of my being the first woman from this institution to enter medicine (I think I am correct) that this privilege of speaking to you today was accorded me.

To those of you who are settled in your life work, I bring greetings of affection and good wishes in the great work you are doing, but to the younger ones, the ones less sure, I cannot resist this opportunity to tell you how much medicine has to offer you. It opens up a huge field of endeavor which is bewildering at first but permits of a wide choice. The future of the woman physician was never more full of glorious

possibilities regardless of the field in medicine she chooses to enter.

The work of general practitioner offers the greatest service to humanity. Public health work offers unlimited opportunities—as medical school inspectors, health services in colleges for women, positions with bureaus of child hygiene and health, physician to industrial plants, and others. Laboratory branches in both teaching and research are clamoring for the woman in medicine. The specialties are also open to us and we have gained recognition there. The American College of Surgeons has given recognition to women physicians equal with men in all the branches of surgery in which they participate. Medicine offers you, too, social service in its highest conception.

The medical woman of today has laid aside the tailored suits, the ruffleless dresses and the stiff collars; she now is purely feminine, a homemaker and even mother. These are all compatible in the medical woman. The secret of success of the professional medical woman of today lies in the fact that she has realized her dormant possibilities, has trained herself to think logically, to plan with system, and has learned that she can do her duty to others and at the same time be a person in her own right.

The medical profession today is undermanned and certainly its services are unevenly distributed. I sincerely hope some of you in this very splendid class of 1927 will choose to enter medicine as a vocation.

OUR ALUMNAE IN BUSINESS

By ELSIE G. RIDDICK, *Raleigh*

[Miss Riddick is among the students especially trained for business by Mr. Forney, and she has been notably successful. For a number of years she has held the position of assistant clerk to the Corporation Commission, State of North Carolina. She is honorary president of the State Federation of Business and Professional Women.]

THE stingy old farmer said to his hired man: "Last night when you went to see your girl I saw you take the lantern. The idea! Why when I went a-courting I went in the dark." "Yes," replied the hired man, "and just look what you got."

Now, when Clara Byrd asked me to take a part in this program this afternoon, I thought of just what she had "got." I began to take an inventory, and I realized that she had asked one who ventured out many years ago when everything seemed awfully dark to a girl in the business world. I have lived to see many, many changes, and at last the dawn appears. Although there is much yet to be accomplished, everything seems quite bright to those of us who have blazed a trail for the girl of today and tomorrow.

So, as a pioneer business woman, back here today representing those who have left this college, from the time it was first established up to the present time, I have for you today a message.

Woman has attained great achievements in the business world; she is now

a part of business and is in the business world to stay. We are no longer experimenting, but have arrived. Now, with the splendid business training given our women at the North Carolina College for Women, together with the literary course required, our girls are taking an outstanding place in the business world; they are doing much towards raising the standards of business women. They are taking their places as home-makers, in many instances keeping their places in the business world also. (I do not believe Kathrine would have embarrassed those of us who are not married had she not been so fortunate as to have found for herself a husband). But any woman who can make a budget, and live up to it, is quite an asset to a home, and should be sought after.

Then the business women leaving this college have had one other very important training—citizenship. Everywhere we find our girls who leave here taking their places as citizens, becoming a part of our government, and each day helping to weave the grand and glorious flag of stars and stripes.

Summing this up, our girls are making:

Better business women.

Better business, and a

Better world in which to live.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM

By GERTRUDE CARRAWAY, '15, *New Bern*

[Feature writer, Editorial and reportorial staff of the New Bernian and the New Bern Sun-Journal.]

THE introduction by our association president is only approximately true. To illustrate what I mean by "approximately" I shall tell a story that Ida Clyde Clarke told on her recent visit to North Carolina.

Two friends met on the street. One said, "Well, Jones, I hear that you

have made \$40,000 on coal." "Well," said the other, "that is only approximately true. It was ice, not coal; it was \$4,000, not \$40,000, and I didn't make it, I lost it."

It is an undeserved honor but a great privilege and pleasure for me to speak a few words for our alumnae who are now engaged in journalism.

Although it seemed impossible to obtain statistics as to the exact number of women in journalism in North Carolina, it is well understood that this important profession is annually attracting increasing numbers of women. In all phases of journalism, there is an ever-widening field for service and the call is being directed more and more to women. This situation has come about during the last decade. Before that time very few women were employed on newspapers in this state; and those few wrote chiefly society or personal items. Now women are doing many of the most important duties on papers.

Newspaper work offers an illimitable field for service. The press seems now even more powerful and influential than the pulpit or school, for through its columns the world is sometimes one's audience. Editors have a large part in shaping the thoughts and ideals of their communities, in raising public standards and morals, and in bettering material circumstances and progress.

Moreover, there is a great need for trained women journalists of high character. Editors and reporters should be highly trained and well-informed men and women. We require college edu-

cation and examination licenses for our physicians, lawyers and ministers. Why should not editors be well-trained specialists? Inevitably there would be a corresponding improvement in the press and society in general.

I am hoping that the time will soon come when this college will establish a school of journalism to train women journalists for the high type of service needed and wanted in North Carolina. Probably no other more valuable work for the state could be undertaken by the college. In connection with the school of journalism there should be maintained a daily publicity bureau to keep in constant touch with the all-important press of the state.

The press has always responded nobly to educational calls and is always glad to have news of its great educational institutions. In fact, the press has unquestionably been instrumental in furthering the great progressive movements that have carried North Carolina so far on the way to progress and betterment. Journalism is hard work, but it has many compensations and rewards, and I should like to see more and more of the alumnae of this college find in it their place of service.

LIBRARY WORK AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

By CARRIE L. BROUGHTON, *State Librarian, Raleigh*

[After her student days here, Miss Broughton became an assistant in the state library, and a few years ago was signally honored when she was made its directing head.]

THE field for women in library work is wide; the opportunity for personal growth and professional advancement almost unlimited; the demand for trained workers is yet and will continue to be far greater than the supply. Library service is peculiarly suited to women because qualities that are traditionally theirs—housekeeping ability, a gift for teaching, social instinct, patience and tact—are as valuable in managing a library as are book-

ishness, business efficiency and salesmanship, qualities that many women possess.

Melville Dewey, the man who has given to the library profession the great Dewey classification, made this remark in an address at the fiftieth anniversary of the American Library Association: "Our greatest need in librarianship is real leaders, and to such should be given the opportunity to lead. Many countries are calling for men big enough to hold the helm with a strong hand. When I say 'men,' I think of the majority of these as women, for they have learned and are doing more and more executive

work. In my experience of sixty years I have found woman most unselfish, most willing to give her life work for the highest public good. In the future great library concert, above the note of bass and baritone the soaring dominant note will be a clear soprano."

Many of the top posts in the library world are held by men, but here as elsewhere the belief that women are not fitted to lead is slowly dying out. I could cite many instances where you will find a woman chief librarian. The public library of Cleveland, Ohio—one of the most modern in the country, has a woman chief. Oregon, Minnesota, Texas, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, are among the states in which we find women as head librarians. Many states have women directing their library commissions—Michigan, New Jersey,

Georgia, Tennessee, Texas, North Carolina, and others. Library schools are scattered over the country. Six of these have women at their head.

The important factor in the library world is the librarian, trained for the service with liberal mind and vision, able to direct affairs, filled with the new spirit of brotherhood, eager to make books serviceable in the lives of people. It is our duty to facilitate in every way the contact of the seeker with what he seeks in the resources of the library. Therefore, it is our business to be guides and pathfinders; but before we can guide others into the fields of truth we must first of all have traversed those fields ourselves—we must know books. Library work offers durable and satisfying opportunities and rewards to women who seriously undertake it.

WOMEN IN RELIGIOUS WORK

By CLEO MITCHELL, '24

Baptist Student Secretary at the North Carolina College for Women

IN the field of religious work we are familiar with the church secretaries, pastor's assistants, educational directors, Y. W. C. A. secretaries, missionaries, and the like. Today we have a new phase represented—that of Baptist Student Secretary. This work started five years ago with headquarters in Memphis, Tenn. At that time there was an executive secretary and a little later a travelling secretary. Today in the south there are twenty-five full time local secretaries and ten part time secretaries. In the organization of the work and in the number of local workers, Texas leads the South. North Carolina ranks second, with three secretaries: one at North Carolina State College, Raleigh; another at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill; and the third at North Carolina College for Women.

The nature of the work may be considered as threefold: to help the students to face the problems that daily

arise in college life; to tie them to the local church throughout their four years in college; and to help them have a full rounded life, including the social.

At North Carolina College for Women a rather unique situation is found in that we have a Baptist student house—the Baptist Cottage, located just off the campus. It is open house to students at all times. On the lower floor there is a living room, dining room, office, and kitchen for the use of the Baptist students. Here are held committee meetings and some organization meetings. This year three hundred and fifty Baptist girls have been enrolled at North Carolina College. Of those, about 225 have been definitely enlisted in some form of church organization. In addition to the Baptist student program on the campus, both Methodist and Presbyterian student programs are also at work.

One feature of the Baptist south-

wide plan has been the fostering of student conferences. In October of last year 1558 students were gathered at Birmingham, Alabama, from eighteen southern states, to think together for several days about the pressing problems facing college students. In October of

this year North Carolina Baptist students will gather again at State College for the annual state conference. Southern Baptists are looking to the day when a graduate leader will be directing the denominational program on every campus in the south.

A THREE-MINUTE SURVEY OF PHOTOGRAPHY

By BAYARD WOOTEN, *Fort Bragg and Greensboro*

[Mrs. Wooten was a student at the college during its first year. She later entered the field of Photography, in which she has achieved eminent success. Her studios are at Fort Bragg and Greensboro.]

IF a woman is bent on genuine joy and happiness in a vocation, and is not over keen about the dollars, I commend her to photography. I have been a photographer for twenty-three years, and I do not know anyone who gets more joy from his profession than I do from mine.

One reason why I consider photography an attractive occupation for a woman is that she can become quite as proficient in any, or all, of its branches as a man can; and in child photography and at-home portrait work she generally excels him. This is by no means an unimportant point to consider in this day of keen competition between men and women.

Another reason that makes photography attractive is its very varied demands. There is room in it for women of all kinds of mental calibre. In fact I cannot imagine a type of mind that

could not find congenial employment somewhere in the profession. For the women of artistic ability, there is the composition involved in making successful pictures, and the opportunity for a wide range of individual expression. Then the woman who is handy with her pencil will always find herself in demand as a retoucher or colorist. One who is interested in chemistry will find never ending surprises in studying the various plates and films in connection with light filters and the many developers. The keynote to a good business is a tactful receptionist; most of them do nothing but talk pictures and graciously extract the dollars from the public. But the strictly business woman who is not keen about meeting the public also has her place. In a word, a studio which handles a large volume of trade, and specializes in a variety of branches of photography, requires as much organization to reap success as a department store. I have taken a turn at doing all of these things and all of them have been to me a never failing delight.

OUR WOMEN IN MUSIC

OUR alumnae who are making their contribution to the world of music were beautifully represented by Marguerite Jenkins Morrow, '20, soprano, of Hendersonville, N. C., Elsilene Felton Spier, '20, accompanist, Tarboro, N. C., and Hermene Warlick Eichhorn, '26, composer and pianist, Greensboro, N. C.

Marguerite sang two lovely numbers, and in addition to winning our approval with her singing, she also won our hearts by reminding us that Elsilene had been her accompanist when she gave her graduating recital from that very stage during her senior year; and that they both felt perfectly at home! Mrs. Morrow has both taught and studied since

leaving college, and has done considerable solo work. Incidentally, she urged music lovers and teachers more and more to insist that the works of our own American composers be recognized and used.

Since her graduation a year ago, Hermene has continued studying at the college, and during the winter has done considerable work in composition. During March she gave a program of original compositions in the auditorium,

in joint recital with Margaret Bedell, '23, soprano, appearing on the regular concert-lecture course. This afternoon she played "Aufwiedersehen" and "Pierrot and Pierrette," a delightfully coquettish dance. We appreciated her explanation of the two pieces, as well as her excellent interpretation on the piano. More than that, we are prophesying still finer achievements for her in the future.

Alma Mater of the White and Gold

[The Roanoke Rapids-Rosemary Alumnae Club has adopted this ritual, composed by one of their former members, Marjorie Craig, Dikean, '19, for initiation into membership.]

Leader:

Out of the crowded past, O Mother of White and Gold,
Three precious gifts of thine our heritage we hold:
The cheering love of friends, the matchless dreams of youth,
And an ampler power of service in the comely train of Truth.

Club:

Whenever we meet we share, as only comrades could,
The secret, pleasant thought that friendliness is good.

Leader:

Friends are our better selves, apart for our eyes to see;
Friends are the bodied forms of the things we would like to be;
Friendship is like the sun, and the wind, and the dew, and the rain,
To bring us out of the dark of our earthiness again.

Club:

Friends we have and are, when in thy name we meet,
Dear Mother of White and Gold, dear Mother of mem'ry sweet.

Leader:

Also our dreams are yours: you set new doors ajar;
You showed us endless vistas whence the ageless Beauties are;
You showed us Truth and Freedom, each upon a jewelled throne,
And all the world in homage: the least was not our own.

Club:

The Truth is ever valiant; old Beauty ever new;
And Freedom will be winged all the endless ages through;
'Tis ourselves who must be changing,—not Eternal Verity
That waits within the shadow of the shadow that we see.

Leader:

Our faith goes on before us to rich and roomy land
Beyond our understanding, or our hopes to understand;
But in our need you served us, Mother of Gold and White,
And gave us present loveliness, and showed us present light.

Club:

So we go forth to render service unto God and man,
To do a little better whatever deed we can,
Because you made us ready, because you showed the way
To take our unearned treasures and our debt to Time repay.

Leader and Club:

Accept, O Alma Mater, the tribute of a word,
And guess the love behind it with its messages unheard;
Judge thou our service gently, though its every fault appears,
For Wisdom still eludes us down the avenue of years.



SNAPSHOTS ON ALUMNAE DAY

1. EM AUSTIN. 2. PRESIDENT FOUST AND CHIEF MARSHAL, WILMER KUCK. 3. ANNIE BEAM FUNDERBURK. 4. MISS JAMISON. 5. MRS. McIVER. 6. LOUISE LOETSCH FOUST AND BILLIE. 7. ELIZABETH LEWIS, LEADING LINE OF MARCH. 8. SECTION OF ACADEMIC PROCESSION. 9. MR. FORNEY AND "POLLY" FULFORD

Reviewing The Class Reunions

*Every Class in the History of the College, from '93 to '26,
in an Unbroken Series of Reunion Events*

SINCE the establishment of the college in 1892 thirty-four classes have graduated previous to this year—the first class, that of 1893, numbering ten; the second eight. Therefore, it is with real pride, of which we are fully conscious, that we herewith record that every class had a reunion this Homecoming year—there was not a missing link! It was no uncommon thing to meet women here and there on the campus who had not been among us since they left the college thirty or thirty-five years ago, when the administration building and old "brick" dormitory were certainly the chief concrete evidence of the determination of our educational leaders to build here a great college for the women of the state. Their joy in the development they saw all around them added immeasurably to our joy in helping to bring it about. Perhaps no one single thing of the many fine things that characterized our very first Homecoming was more satisfying than this unbroken succession of class reunions, with all that they evidenced of interest and loyalty to our college.

THE JOINT REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1893-94-95-96

I AM still so old-fashioned and out of date that a telegram is something of a shock; I still look with wonder from my window every morning at the airplanes as they rise gracefully from Bolling Field; and the radio inspires me with a feeling of awe! So last night when my sister and I drove in from a day in Fayetteville, hot and tired and dusty, despite the fact that we had driven through four separate and distinct thunderstorms, each one quite noisy and nerve-racking, and were met at the door by little black Nora with a telegram for "Miss Fodie," my heart did a regular flip-flop! But the telegram read something like this: "You have been selected to write for the *Alumnae News* an account of the reunion of the first four classes at Mrs. Weatherspoon's home. Will need it within next four or five days," and it was signed by our alumnae secretary. Now, I don't know who failed our secretary, but as I said to you once before, "I know of a truth, I am no Babe Ruth, And my life-game is more than half done, But when my college calls me to hit in a pinch, I pray I may knock a home run." This is a pinch hit, but it is certainly no home run!

To all of my associates of the first four classes, who were so unfortunate

as not to be able to be present at our reunion, *greetings!* To you who were at the meetings, nothing need be said. To you who could not be there—you missed one of the greatest and most inspiring reunions ever held in the history of any college—that we firmly believe. It is not often that so many of the actual founders have met on the thirty-fifth anniversary of any institution; and has there ever been a college which has grown so marvelously as ours? If you have not been back in recent years, you will be amazed at its size and scope.

There were representatives from all four classes. At the call of our classmates living in Greensboro, and as their guests, there were present many of the original 223 students who thirty-five years ago so valiantly and bravely faced a frowning and disapproving public, and in spite of unbelievable difficulties carried on that we might exist.

Carrie Mullins Hunter, Elizabeth McIver Weatherspoon, Etta Spier, Minnie Jamison and Laura Coit welcomed us in Mrs. Weatherspoon's home on Tate Street, near where we first year folk when it snowed used to slide noisily and bumpily on a bod-sled from the old laundry to the foot of the hill. All this is now solidly built up. The meet was very informal. Carrie Mullins Hunter was master of ceremonies. A receiving line which included our hostess, Mrs. McIver, Dr. and Mrs.

Foust, Mr. and Mrs. Forney, Dr. Joyner, Miss Petty, Dr. Gove, Mrs. Lucy Robertson and others, could not be made to stay in place. We milled and mingled and mixed and walked and talked and visited and just enjoyed ourselves. I went to the meeting without even the slightest premonition that I would ever be called upon to write ever a solitary word about it. Had I known it, I would have established myself at the feet of learning and gathered up the pearls of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the speakers! Instead, I cheerfully and happily joined in with those of us who sat at the tables on the porch and in the living rooms and joyously greeted Zeke, Gene and Nannie as they served us with delicious chicken salad, ham, rolls, coffee, ice cream and cake and other good things which our hostesses had prepared. Zeke is quite unchanged. We

Joyner, Mr. Forney, Dr. Miriam Bitting-Kennedy, who looked after our well-being that first year and so thoroughly taught us physiology and gymnastics—all brought us heart-warming messages. Mrs. McIver greeted us lovingly and asked us to keep anything we might have which would bear in any way on the early history of our college; that soon it would have to be written, and any information any of us had would be helpful.

It was a friendly, talkative, homelike meeting, and without warning we "girls" were spotted and called on to say a word. Birdie Bell Reynolds, who was Dr. McIver's first stenographer and whose place I valiantly tried to fill when fortune smiled on her and she was married; Phoebe Pegram Baughan, whose daughter graduated this year; Minnie Jamison, who has served the college continuously and effectively through all these years—these and many others spoke to us.

Mr. Forney said the greatest thrill he ever had was when he heard his own students speak. So after he had pounced on Birdie Bell and called forth a beautiful response, he turned on me and stood me up in the dining room door and informed the multitude that they would now hear from "Miss Buie." My early training came to my rescue; for in those days if a member of the faculty stood us on our feet and told us to go to it, we went! Now my own is honestly and truly the only speech I heard in its entirety, and this is it:

"It is wonderful—this birthday, thirty-five.
We're glad that the years have let us all thrive;
As they creep upon us with steady stealth
May they bring us joy and peace and health,
And enough of what we call sordid wealth,
To keep alive!"

"And when our birthdays shall come no more
And we meet St. Peter standing at the door,
May he let us all in, to finish up what we begin.
In this lovely world of sin,

Here below!"

Fodie Buie Kenyon.



THIS IS ZEKE

fat gray-haired old ladies had to wear our names pinned on us so we would know each other. Zeke needed no label.

After supper we had speeches. Mrs. McIver, President Foust, Dr. Gove, Dr.

CLASS OF 1897

THE class of 1897 worked hard for a reunion; but the years have scattered the members far and wide and many duties interfered with those who were nearer home. However, six of us assembled on Saturday evening, June 4, in the home economics practice house, presided over by Miss Blanche Shaffer, dean, for our class supper. Minnie McIver Brown acted as hostess, assisted by Miss Shaffer. Those present were: Mrs. L. L. Wren, of Siler City, president of the woman's club of that place, in which capacity she is doing much active work for the community; Mrs. Ollie Webster, formerly of Siler City, but now lady principal at the Blind Institute, Raleigh, where she is doing a splendid work; Mrs. Alice Mullins Robertson, Raleigh, mother and homemaker who claims her daughter, Mary Alice, '26, as her chief claim to glory; Elizabeth Stewart, Greensboro, who since leaving college has held a position continuously with one firm, the Proximity Mills, who has been steadily advanced, and is now head of a department, with four assistants; Carrie Broughton, state librarian, first woman to hold this position, also first woman to hold office as head of a state department; Minnie McIver Brown, member of the board of directors of the college, also member of the executive committee of the board, member of the state board of charities and public welfare, active in church and club work, having just retired as president of the tenth district of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and having served continuously for seventeen years as officer of state and district organizations of her church.

The class was fortunate to have as special guests Mrs. Charles D. McIver, the college mother; Dr. Miriam Bitting Kennedy, Philadelphia, first resident physician of the college, and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, member of the college board of directors, and active

member of various civic and charitable organizations of the state.

Following the supper each gave an account of herself in the years that have passed and messages were read from absent members. The decorations were blue and white larkspur, in keeping with the class colors. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Shaffer and her assistant for their delightful hospitality.

CLASS OF 1898

OUR class gathered at the Hylmore Tea Room Friday, June 3, at 6 o'clock, and enjoyed an informal evening together. Our one regret was that all of '98-ers could not be with us.

CLASS OF 1899

THE class of 1899 held its class reunion at the O. Henry Hotel on Friday evening, June 3, Ethel Foust Griffin and Bulus Bagby Swift being hostesses at a beautiful five-course dinner. A large basket of red and white carnations formed the centerpiece, and at each place lay a red and white carnation and a book for the class record. Against the wall, forming an effective back-ground, hung the large North Carolina flag which this class presented to the college in its sophomore year.

The president, Rosalind Sheppard Willis, being absent, Mary Collins, secretary, presided. The class song was sung, after which Ethel Foust Griffin, as hostess, extended cordial greetings to her classmates. She explained the absence of Bulus Bagby Swift, joint hostess, who was in Oakland, Cal., as the president and representative of the North Carolina Parent-Teacher Association, and read the following letter from her:

Oakland, Cal., May 27, 1927.

To the class of '99—My dear girls: You will always be girls to me and I so much want to be just a girl to you. I know you look just as you did the day we separated in '99, with only a little more understanding and sympathy in your eyes and more sweetness

about the corners of your mouth; even if your step has slackened a bit, your shoulders rounded somewhat, and your hair become frosted. And so from out in the west I send my best love and good wishes to you, my classmates of '99. - Bulus Bagby Swift.

In reply the class sent the following message:

Greensboro, N. C., June 3, 1927.

Mrs. W. H. Swift, Oakland, California:

The class of '99 in session tonight feels great pride and joy in your achievements, and across the continent we send most sincere love and appreciation to one of our hostesses and one of our most distinguished members.

The Class of '99.

Greetings were also sent to Rosalind Sheppard Willis, who was unable to be present. Mrs. Griffin read a number of letters from the absent members, and contributed interesting news items in regard to many of them. Short talks were made by those present, telling of their lives at present, and expressing to Mrs. Griffin their appreciation of her efforts in making this such a delightful occasion. Emma Parker Maddry, Bessie Moody, and Frances Suttle invited the class to be their guests at the next reunion in 1931.

The following were present: Ella Bradley, Gastonia; Lucy Coffin Ragsdale, Jamestown; Mary Collins, Enfield; Cora Cox Jackson, Greensboro; Lottie Eagle, Jennie Eagle, Norfolk, Va.; Ethel Foust Griffin, Greensboro; Bertha Melvin, Greensboro; Bessie Moody, Asheville; Cary Ogburn Jones, High Point; Emma Parker Maddry, Raleigh; Frances Suttle, Asheville; and Jessie Whitaker Ricks, Winston-Salem.

Mary Collins, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1900

THE lavender and white class of 1900 met in front of Spencer Dormitory on the morning of June 4, wearing, by agreement, white cotton dresses—these in spite of the rain. You couldn't fail to know us, because each of us wore a special badge—a shoulder corsage of lavender ribbon and violets

(the class flower), from which hung a white ribbon bearing the lavender legend, "1900." We marched in the procession to the new auditorium with the other lavender and white classes, between the guard of sophomores, carrying the lavender banners and joined in the dedication exercises.

At the alumnae luncheon, under the direction of Eleanor Watson Andrews, you could not mistake us either! When they called for class stunts, we were right there. We grouped ourselves around a banner held aloft by Katherine Lewis Barrier, a daughter of Mittie Lewis Barrier, who will be a sophomore at the college next year, and Mary Lindsay Lowe, daughter of Auvila Lindsay Lowe, whose college days are yet before her. The banner bore this inscription: "The Class of 1900 Organized the First Athletic Association, Now the Department of Physical Education." Mittie Lewis Barrier, president of the class, set forth our claim to the greatness in the following words:

"Twenty-seven years ago, as president of the class of 1900, I spoke these words at our class day exercises on this campus: 'But there is one fact in our history of which you are doubtless aware—the class of 1900 was the first to attempt to arouse any athletic spirit at our college. By this class the athletic association was formed and it is our desire to leave behind us some token by which we hope not only to keep alive this spirit, but to arouse still further interest in athletics!' Lillie Keathley, the first president of the athletic association, presented this cup [holding up loving cup], to be awarded to the winning basketball team. From this small beginning has developed a department which holds an important place in the life of the college, the department of physical education. It employs a faculty of seven and confers the degree of B. S. P. E. Last year nine students received this degree. Track, soccer, hockey, baseball, basketball, tennis, swimming, and rhythmic are all taught. Corrective exercises are also used. The class of 1900 hopes that all the visiting alumnae have seen the beautiful courts, the large open air gymnasium, and the handsome and well equipped physical education building. Alumnae, do you not think that the class of 1900 may well rejoice in the fact that we organized athletics at the college?"

Our class dinner took place on Saturday night at the King Cotton Hotel. Mittie Lewis presided. Those present were: Mittie Pender Lewis Barrier (Mrs. Wade H.), Johnson City, Tenn.; Emma Lewis Speight Morris (Mrs. Claude H.), Salisbury; Auvila Lindsay Lowe (Mrs. John T.), Lexington; Miriam McFadyen, North Carolina College for Women; Eleanor Watson Andrews (Mrs. T. W.), High Point; Lucy Brown Goodman (Mrs. Walter A.), Salisbury; Mary Springs Davidson Bost (Mrs. Jonas), Atlanta, Ga.; Maggie Stallings Best (Mrs. T. E.), Chapel Hill; Carrie L. Broughton, Raleigh; Katie McI. Buie, Red Springs; Lucy M. Cobb, Chapel Hill; Myrtie Scarboro Coffin (Mrs. W. A.), Asheboro; Mrs. William A. Calvert; Hattie V. Everett, Palmyra; Lillie Hooper Harris (Mrs. J. L.), Raleigh; Maggie Clarke Long (Mrs. H. T.), Seaboard; Annie Chesnutt Stuart (Mrs. W. H.), Nanking, China. The class colors were effectively carried out in the flowers and by lavender candles in silver sticks. The place cards, too, came in for their share of praise. They were copies of Isaac Irvin Avery's "The Violets," printed in lavender ink and decorated with hand painted violets, the work of Emma Lewis Speight.

After singing the class song the presiding officer gave a toast to our college. Between courses Dr. Anna M. Gove responded to her name with "A Prescription;" Miss Mary Petty, with "An Acid Test," in verse; Miriam McFadyen, with "Reminiscences of College Days." Each person present responded to the roll call with interesting facts about her life and work. Mrs. Morris touched upon the work of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, of which she is a capable district president; Mrs. Lowe, president of the American Legion Auxiliary, department of North Carolina, told of great activity in that organization for the rehabilitation of the disabled service men; other women spoke

of their work in big business offices, as "landed proprietors" of down east plantations, as teachers with state-wide reputation, and as mothers absorbed in homemaking and community life—in fact many interests met around our banquet table.

But in the midst of our joy remained the thought of the absent ones, and we rose and stood with bowed heads as Mrs. Barrier called the names of three members of the faculty and three members of the class who have passed beyond: Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, Miss Sue May Kirkland, Miss Gertrude Mendenhall; Wilhemina Conrad, Elizabeth Howard and Martha Wiswald.

The president also expressed to the secretary, Auvila Lindsay Lowe, our heartfelt appreciation for her untiring efforts in behalf of our class reunion. The class rose to give her a vote of thanks, and remained standing to sing the farewell song, which brought to a close this most happy reunion of the class of 1900.

Mittie Lewis Barrier, President.

CLASS OF 1901

WE met for our class supper and reunion on Saturday evening, in the sun parlor of East dormitory. Rosa Abbott was in charge of local arrangements, and we are much indebted to her for the lovely setting and the delicious meal. It truly was a happy closing to a "perfect day."

CLASS OF 1902

THROUGH Minnie Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dick Douglas (Virginia Brown) had bidden us to a reunion dinner at their truly lovely colonial home in Fisher Park Circle. So there we gathered, fourteen strong, on the evening of Saturday, June 4. Colorful draperies, orchids and roses, a glowing fire, lent the background for our most fluent conversation! At six-thirty dinner was served at two tables. Red

roses in silver bowls and red candles in silver holders formed the decoration. A real moment of the evening came when we cut the Green and White birthday cake. Dr. Gove, who has recently returned from a year of travel abroad, was a special guest. Sadie E. Klutz.

CLASS OF 1903

AS a result of the bombardment of cordial letters from the college and our class president, Mary Taylor Moore, eleven members of the class of 1903 gathered at the home of the president Friday evening, June 3, for the first real reunion the class has ever held. To meet together once more and to meet in the attractive brick bungalow home of the president was a joy in itself and brought a genuine "thrill" to every guest. Though twenty-four years removed from today's graduate, the class of 1903 boasted of far more bobbed heads than gray heads. Indeed, some of the girls looked actually younger and far less serious than they did when they, too, were "sweet girl graduates." Not once did we experience the feeling of "getting old!" More than that, the Homecoming renewed our youth! As one of the earliest alumnae said, "I haven't been so 'thrilled' (with the flapper accent) in years."

Most interesting letters from absent members were read at the class supper, including one from Ida Hankins in far away Korea. The class poem by Bert Albright and the class prophecy by Annie Kizer, were re-read for "Auld Lang Syne," the sophomoric tendencies of the compositions being a source of great embarrassment to the authors, after nearly a quarter of a century of maturity. Reminiscences of college days were recounted in doggeral verse to the vast amusement of the class.

The supper, so delicious and so daintily served, bore testimony to the fact that the class president is as expert in cookery as in registrar-ing for the

college. The visiting class members were indebted for the supper and every arrangement incident to the class reunion to the members of the class now living in Greensboro: Mary Taylor Moore, Bettie Aiken Land, Pearl Wyche and Flossie Byrd. The class takes a peculiar pride in the fact that two of its members, Bettie Aiken Land and Lelia Hampton, were among the number this year to receive their degrees from the college.

The out of town members of the class attending the reunion included Bert Albright (Mrs. F. M. Moore), of Graham; Bessie Harris (Mrs. S. B. Denny), of Wilson; Genevieve Jennings (Mrs. John Hammer), of Bradenton, Fla.; Mary Bridgers, of Tarboro; Ida Smith (Mrs. D. P. Waters), of Lincolnton; Lillian Massey, of High Point; and Annie Kizer (Mrs. W. T. Bost), of Raleigh.

Annie Kizer Bost.

CLASS OF 1904

THE class of 1904 did its little best to have the largest percentage of its members back at the college on June 4. We were only twenty-eight in number to begin with, and did want to have fourteen present. But May Stewart Brown and Maude Hoyle Ogburn are in Panama and Japan, respectively; Catherine Nash McIver, the faithful, hurt her foot. Our everlasting president, Mattie Williams Scoggins, fell ill; Susie Williams had a rush of tea room work; Millie Archer Ravenel had to go to Asheville Normal summer school; Mary Jones was on her way to Paris; Lettie Glass on her way to New York; Elizabeth Rawls was detained at the last moment; and so on down our list.

On June 3 seven of us gathered for our class dinner at the O. Henry Hotel, and recognized each other: Anna Killian Barwick, Kate Barden Winstead, Mattie Taylor Gill, Eugenia Satterwhite Reavis, Eugenia Harris Holt, and Florence Led-

better. We had as our guest of honor Annie Chestnutt Stewart, who has been twenty years in Nanking, China. On June 4 we were too happy greeting "old girls" ever to settle down to a real class meeting. Florence Ledbetter got out a highly attractive hand-painted booklet with a page devoted to each member of 1904 and her achievements. At the alumnae luncheon we sang our class song, although Mr. Clarence Brown told us long ago, "your voices are reserved for Heaven!" We wore lavender georgette scarfs as regalia. Our class had its first daughter to graduate, Clara Evelyn Gill. We presented her with a small gift. In 1929 Frances Archer Ravenel will be our second "class baby."

Since 1928 is a lavender year, the college will see us again very soon.

Eugenia Harris Holt.

CLASS OF 1905

SURELY no reunion at commencement was jollier than that of '05, which took place on Friday evening at the lovely home of Annie McIver Young, in Irving Park. It was such a relief to find that beneath our apparent austerity the years had not in the least decreased our "naughtiness." With Lelia Styron, Edna Reinhardt, and Mary Davis Sewell to lead us, we felt and acted exactly as the "naughty fives" always did at class meetings in days gone by—and that is indescribable! Our only misgiving was wonder as to what Annie's stately neighbors might think of these guests of hers! We hope she explained 'twas a class reunion. If they've ever had one at all like ours, all will be forgiven!

Emma Sharpe Avery, Mary Coffey, Josie Dameron, Ruth Fitzgerald, Inez Flow, Mary Wills McCulloch, Edna Reinhardt, Mary Davis Sewell, Lelia Styron, Annie Lee Shuford Wall, Annie McIver Young, Margaret Castex Sturgis, Rena Bridgeman Lupton, Nell Hendrix Knight, and Grace Smith Webb made

up the "irresponsibles" who were present. Mary Wills McCulloch called the class roll and each one present was asked to tell the story of her life. If she omitted interesting details known to the others (and of course someone always knew), these omissions were promptly supplied; there was no escape! We greatly missed our absent classmates. We longed to have them among us "to speak for themselves;" but they were not forgotten, and from letters, messages and other sources of information we felt their presence.

Our two celebrities present were Margaret Castex Sturgis, a full-fledged surgeon, with numerous letters after her name; and Josie Dameron (now called Josephine!), who has gained recognition as a soloist. Josie plans to sail this fall as a missionary to Korea. We congratulate those who are to come under her instruction and wish for her the highest measure of success in carrying out her heart's desire.

We are proud of our four missionaries: Louise Dixon Crane, Lettie Spainhour Hamlett, Mary Jarman Hearn, and now Josie Dameron. In proportion to our number the "naughty fives" have made a rather large contribution to the mission world.

After unanimously electing Annie McIver Young our chairman, we adjourned until our next reunion. Plan now, dear girls, to be right here to "speak for yourselves!" Otherwise, I assure you, some one will speak for you!

Ruth Fitzgerald.

CLASS OF 1906

THE class of 1906 held its reunion supper at the lovely new Y.M.C.A. on West Market Street Saturday evening, June 4, with twelve of those who entered college in 1902 present to recall old memories, swap stories of long ago, and rejoice in the present growth of their alma mater. The table around which they gathered was most attractive

in its decorations of green and white: a large low centerpiece of feverfew, swansonia, and Japanese iris, with sprays of the dainty green and white swansonia scattered over the white cloth; six white tapers in crystal holders, green-wrapped bonbons in tiny crystal baskets, white candles in green candy holders with green lighters at each plate and green balloons which were to be taken home to the children.

Messages were read from many who could not be present and a description was given of "The Average Girl in our Class." As this was the reunion of the freshman class, it was a distinct pleasure to have present the two presidents of the class in its freshman year, Nell Arrington and Janet Austin (Mrs. J. R. Chambliss). After messages from absent members, each one present told something of herself and talked of anything she desired, pledging anew her loyalty to her college, and then introduced the person on her right. With the introduction, each one lighted her neighbor's candle and all the light of the class of 1906 was shining bright for N.C.C.W.

The climax to a long-to-be-remembered meeting came with the introduction of Mrs. J. D. Carlton (Meta Winstead), of Salisbury, whose lovely voice stirred the hearts of her former classmates as she sang for them again and again.

The meeting was reluctantly adjourned.

The following were present: Mrs. A. F. Fortune (Edna Wooten), Greensboro; Mrs. Odin J. Hill (Hattie Martin), Asheboro; Mrs. J. W. Pike (Ora Miller), Concord; Mrs. F. C. Niblock (Zeta Caldwell), Concord; Mrs. T. E. Wither-
spoon (Julia Allen Ramsey), Salisbury; Mrs. Paul Bernhardt (Sallie Barlow), Salisbury; Mrs. J. D. Carlton (Meta Winstead), Salisbury; Mrs. F. J. Murdock (Josephine Speight), Salisbury; Carrie Glenn, Gastonia; Nell Arrington, Rocky Mount; Mrs. J. R. Chambliss

(Janet Austin), Rocky Mount; Mrs. J. R. Bennett (Josie Doub), Rocky Mount; Miss Louise Younce, Salisbury. Miss Younce, one of our younger alumnae, played Meta's accompaniments, and proved a delightful guest.

Josie Doub Bennett, President.

CLASS OF 1907

AT the call of Iola White Thompson we gathered in happy reunion at seven o'clock, June 3, at the Hylmore Tea Room, where we enjoyed a dinner planned by Mrs. Thompson and Marjorie Kennedy White. Winifred Harper, Snow Hill, presided. She requested, and forsooth required (though not a difficult thing to achieve when classmates like "good fellows" get together), that each of us give a true account of herself since leaving college. It was truly an hour of "confession." We found among other interesting things that the number who have not allowed themselves to acquire a husband is hopelessly in the minority!

During the short business meeting, Mary Hyman was elected president and Mary Exum secretary for the next four years. After dinner we returned to the college to find others of our classmates who had arrived too late for the reunion dinner. On Saturday still other '07's joined us. Among those present are the following: Minnie Ross Kimball, Vaughan White Holoman, Winifred Harper, Eleanor Elliott Carroll, Clare Case Ingram, Mary Reid Idol, Eula May Blue, Mary Exum, Marjorie Kennedy White, Mattie Kate Shaw, May Lovelace Thompson, Iola White Thompson, Mary Hyman, Lulie Whitaker, Mena Davis McArthur, Janet Crump Gray.

Mary Exum, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1908

OH, yes, we are still the "naughty '08's!" We really haven't changed at all—that we found out soon—although most of us have bobbed our hair; some have traveled

"far and near;" and some have husbands, some none; some have children plenty, some none; and some improve our minds studying the fashion literature got out especially for "the stylish stouts!" But when we gathered with the other hundreds on Spencer sidewalk June 4, not even the chilly drizzle could affect the buoyancy of our youthful spirits. Dear friends and classmates, believe me, we had shed the years, if not the avoirdupois! Each of us, neatly labelled with a tiny '08 lavender and white pennant, marched as sedately as we could, considering our inner joy, to the auditorium where we took part in the dedication exercises.

That evening at six o'clock came our reunion supper at the home of Mattie Williams, on Tate Street. The living rooms had been made inviting, with everywhere a profusion of lavender sweet peas and lavender and white larkspur. Among it all, card tables had been placed and around them seventeen members of our class gathered to enjoy the two-course supper: chicken salad on lettuce, sliced tomatoes, creamed asparagus on toast, hot rolls, hot tea and coffee, olives; ice cream and cake and mints—all lavender and white. The hostesses at the supper were the six members of the class who live in Greensboro, Mattie Williams, Lucy Jones, Mary Fitzgerald, Edna Forney, Bertie Freeman Cox, and Martha Petty Hannah. In addition to these the following were present: Bright Ogburn Hoyle, Nettie Brogden Herring, Dora Snipes Mazingo, Catherine Arnold, Nettie Rudisill Dodwin, Belle Strickland Harward, Annie May Hunter, Elizabeth Hyman, Ethel Kelly, Willie White McBride, Margaret Redmond Thigpen, Loula Craven Weddington. We missed very much Ida Byerly Holt and Nelle Joyce, who were with us in the morning, but could not remain for the evening.

Bright Ogburn was master of ceremonies and after the supper presided

over an informal program. The class song was sung. Letters from absent members were read and personal experiences exchanged. The high spot in the evening's entertainment came when Bright Ogburn and Willie White sang that classic from the old maid's convention, "Who Will Shoe My Pretty Little Foot?"—a classic which came near to making the story of our senior year immortal!

About eight o'clock we went together to the auditorium and enjoyed the performance of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," given by the playlikers in honor of the alumnae.

Edna Forney, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1909

TIME: Saturday afternoon, June 4, 5:00-7:00. Place: Home of Jean Booth Matheson, Irving Park. Members present: Lola Lasley Dameron, Burlington; Fleida Johnson, Greensboro; Edna Duke Johnson, St. Pauls; Clara Sloan Rankin, Gastonia; Nettie Dixon Smith, Wentworth; Jean Booth Matheson, Greensboro; Mary B. Mitchell Sellars, Greensboro; Jean Booth Matheson, Jr., Billie Matheson, Lacy Starr Sellars. The reunion consisted of two hours chock-full of reminiscences of the past and gossip of the present, mixed in with the reading of class letters and questionnaires. It concluded with a delightful salad and ice course and an inspection tour of Jean's garden.

Few interesting notes of naughty-niners gleaned from class letters:

Jessie Smoak (Mrs. R. B. Pharr), Wilkesboro, for the past eight years has taught in the high school during winter and kept house during the summer. She has two fine boys ten and thirteen years. Modestly adds that she has sold a few verses and designs for greeting cards and has had two or three simple little poems published.

Florence Landis, Washington, D. C., regretted that she could not attend the

Homecoming, as her school did not close until June 20. Will spend the summer at her cottage in Black Mountain.

Bessie Cauble (Mrs. W. R. Reardon), Columbia, S. C., had planned to attend the reunion and see her neice, Willie Meta Brown, get her degree at N.C.C.W., but after reaching Salisbury was taken sick at her sister's home and spent the commencement period in bed instead.

Mary B. Mitchell Sellars.

CLASS OF 1910

SEVENTEEN strong we gathered at the home of our president, Laura Weill Cone, on Friday evening. Following a visit to the beautiful flower garden, a delicious buffet supper was served. Of course our banner, our colors, and "our" white roses were much in evidence. After supper we had our class meeting in the library. Letters were read from a number of absent ones, and some business transacted. Then how eagerly we gleaned news of everyone! Laura was a veritable mine of information. Almost we were college girls again!

Last commencement our president entertained in a similar manner, and the occasion was so delightful and proved such an added incentive to us to return this year that the personnel was almost the same. Annie Moring Alexander, Asheboro, and Clara Lambe Craven, Conway, were present in place of three members who could not return this time. The others attending were: Elizabeth Robinson Fort, Raleigh; Clyde Stancill Blount, Greenville; Marion Stevens Hood, Goldsboro; Annie Lee Harper Liles, Wadesboro; Eunice Roberts Gardner, Shelby; Willard Powers, Rutherfordton; Winnie McWhorter Cox, Calypso; and Laura Weill Cone, Jane Summerell, Alice Ledbetter Walters, Annie Davis, Mary McCulloch, and Katie Kime, of Greensboro. Sadie Stern, also of Greensboro, who entered college with us, and Janet

Weil Bluethenthal, of Wilmington, were additional guests.

Katie Kime, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1911

IN spite of the intervening sixteen years the class of 1911 succeeded in recalling a dozen of themselves for the great Homecoming reunion. It was a fine experience to meet again, to note the changes that had taken place, and to realize how little time had robbed us of the essentials of our former selves. The expansion and development of the college was a marvel to those who had not been back since graduation. We revelled in the many interesting events prepared by the college for our entertainment. We also enjoyed informal gatherings of "just ourselves" on the campus.

Our reunion supper took place on the evening of June 4 at the new Y.M.C.A. Our president, Myrtle Johnston Hassell, presided. The affair was very informal and very much enjoyed. We told with zest of our own experiences; we showed snapshots of our children. One child was there to speak for himself, the handsome son of Allie Parsons Winstead. Letters and messages from the absent members were also read. One rather interesting thing we noted about ourselves was this, that every returning member had been a successful one! At least she had been successful in one respect, each had succeeded in landing a husband! We were half surprised to learn how readily our college songs and yells came back to us, and how lustily we executed them. Beneath our merriment was an underlying note of sadness, as we thought of Annie Louise Wills, who died a few years ago, leaving a little boy, now about seven years old. We parted with a deep feeling of appreciation to our alma mater, which had brought us together, and which had contributed so much to the enriching of our lives.

Those present were Antoinette Black Alexander, Thomasville; Bertha Daniel

Cloyd, Raleigh; May Vickery Faucette, McLeansville; Margaret Pickett Hamlin, High Point; Myrtle Johnston Hassell, Roper; Bonnie Mae Brown Terry, High Point; Allie Parsons Winstead, Wilson; Beatrice Schwab Weill, Greensboro; Olivia Burbage Campbell, Plymouth; Huldah Slaughter Powell, Goldsboro; Edith Latham Settan, Greensboro; Mary Jeffreys Whaley, Greensboro.

Edith Latham Settan.

CLASS OF 1912

FRIDAY night after supper 1912 had a good get-together in one of the Spencer parlors. Here the youthful hats, lavender neckerchiefs, colorful song books, and useful 1912 fans were distributed. Also much talk flowed; so much, in fact, that we despaired of ever getting through a practice of our stunt-song for alumnae luncheon. And we might have been there yet if Sabra Brogden had not shown her age so shamelessly by voting for bed in no uncertain terms. Saturday, in spite of the drizzle, we marched in the alumnae parade in high spirits, neatly labeled with arm bands (which Amy had thoughtfully provided), and carrying our class banner newly refurbished by Ora Brown.

After the dedication of the auditorium we hied us to Spencer, quite speedily considering our rheumatic knees; and donning our gay and youthful fashions, proceeded to South Dining Hall, dragging with us our ghost of yesteryear. Hilda Gordon, 1928, was a fine reproduction of our fifteen-year-ago-self in Jane Summerell's (1910) class day dress; and when 1912 turned in, she furnished a vivid portrayal of us when (to the tune of Lil Liza Jane).

Before the flapper or the vamp
Came 1912;
With cotton hose and high shoe tramp
Came 1912.
We were young and girlish right,
Old 1912!
Skirts so long and corsets tight,
Old 1912!

Wooly rats and petticoats,
Old 1912!
High lace collars on swan-like throats,
Old 1912!

Class supper was a decided success. Twenty of us assembled around a table gay with lavender and white blossoms (Ora Lee Brown's gift), and candy boutonnieres (again Amy's contribution) and old class songs rolled up like miniature diplomas (Patty Spruill did this along with making the very excellent supper arrangements). Ethel Skinner presided, and was in her good old form. Janet Weil had assembled a few facts from the questionnaires that Amy had so tirelessly assembled. She found the married ambitious, but the spinsters interesting. So many of the class had failed to send in their answers that the statistics were of necessity incomplete.

Hattie Burch had acquired a B.S.; Annie Cherry, Hattie Burch, Margaret Cobb and Leah Boddie possess M.A.s, and three cheers for 1912! Margaret Cobb brings honor to us with a Ph.D. Annie Cherry and Jamie Bryan received A.B.s this commencement, so we had among us not only staid alumnae but sweet girl graduates. We have one dean, Leah Bodie; one librarian, Rebecca Herring; one lawyer, Margaret Berry; one nurse, Leta Hodgkin Fox; one geologist, Margaret Cobb. We have plenty of teachers, husbands, children, and have done a fair amount of globe trotting. To conclude, "we brighten the corner where we are."

We who were fortunate enough to be at this inspiring Homecoming missed you absentees. We know you must have a strong reason for not coming, for you missed a real occasion. You just mustn't miss the next one, even if you have to chloroform your boss or your children for forty-eight hours. Those of us who gathered Saturday evening and told all we knew of your whereabouts and occupations and our own unusual (?) careers and model (?) children were: Ethel Ivey Parks, Ora Lee Brown

Andrews, Dora Coates, Sabra Brogden Spence, Helen Austin Robbins, Ethel Skinner Phillips, Jamie Bryan, Rose Inez Moose, Lucy Hamilton, Janet Weil Bluethenthal, Claudia Cashwell Guion, Katie Smith, Pattie Spruill, Rebecca Herring, Annie Cherry, Mamie Boren Spence, Pauline Whitley, Lucy Landon Lindsay, Reba Foust Bynum, Kathleen Long Graham.

Janet Weil Bluethenthal.

CLASS OF 1913

WE "lucky thirteens" thought we had the only class reunion there was, until we begun to hear the other classes talk about theirs. Even so, our class gathering still stands first and foremost in our own regard.

At the call of our president, Verta Idol Coe, and the repeated call of several sub-chairmen, twenty of us assembled for our class supper at six o'clock on Saturday evening, at the home of Ethel Bollinger Keiger, on North Elm Street. Others of our group were present at other Homecoming events who could not be with us on this occasion. To them we extend our regrets. Verta and the girls in Greensboro, Ethel Bollinger Keiger, Ione Grogan, Mary Tennent, Elizabeth Craig and Clara Byrd, were hostesses to the rest of us at a buffet supper, served in Ethel's lovely and spacious living room and dining room. Touches of the class colors—blue and white, were seen in the blue candles in silver holders, and in the flowers which decorated the attractive rooms. We had come together at the close of a wonderful (you will know from that adjective that we are still young and excitable!) Homecoming day. We relaxed in the happy atmosphere of "our own family," talk flowed freely; we sympathized and felicitated with one another.

As a class, we felt a little disturbed that we hadn't been up and coming enough (we were afraid it reflected either on our age or our *avoirduois*!)

to have a stunt at the luncheon that day. But as usual Verta saved the situation by saying that Kathrine Robinson had been the presiding officer of the morning, and Clara Byrd the "chief cook and bottle washer of the whole works," so she considered that our class had out-classed the other classes so far as a stunt was concerned. We adjourned resolved to bring our husbands to our next reunion. And as a special concession, any single member of the class may bring any gentleman she prefers and no questions will be asked!

CLASS OF 1914

LAST year was the Green and White reunion and a goodly company of the class of 1914 returned. This year fourteen members answered to the call of their alma mater for the great homecoming of the alumnae. Their get-together meeting was held at the home of Ruth Hampton Shuping, Ruth and Fannie Starr Mitchell acting as hostesses. The following members were present: Maude Bunn Battle, Sallie S. Boddie, Viola Joseph Britt, Hazel Stephens Fine, Anne Watkins Fonville, Ruth Gunter, Ethie Garrett Heine, Nola Wagstaff Highsmith, Iris Holt McEwen, Mary Green Matthews, Fannie Starr Mitchell, Marguerite Brooks Plummer, Ruth Hampton Shuping, Grace Elliott Sullivan and Pearl Temple.

Before a big open fire in Ruth's lovely living room, in the atmosphere of flowers, books and old friends, a most enjoyable hour was passed. Telegrams, letters, and personal messages sent by absent members were read and discussed. Dainty refreshments—cakes, "embroidered" with a white rose (our class flower), and an ice—were served, while talk and laughter flowed. Finally, Ruth Gunter was able to get the attention of all long enough to suggest (she saw to it that her suggestion was carried out, too) that each girl present tell all about herself. When these brief but interest-

ing autobiographies were finished, one felt that "the world is so full of a number of things" for the girls of 1914 that they "should all be as happy as kings." Ethie Heine Garrett.

CLASS OF 1915

ON Saturday evening, June 4, twenty-six members of the class of 1915 assembled at the country club for a reunion banquet. They were Annie Albright, Hallie Beavers, Gertrude Carraway, Ernestine Cherry, Katherine Erwin, Mazie Kirkpatrick Ganey, Annie Glenn, Janie Stacey Gwynn, Martha Decker Kanipe, Margaret Linker, Berthel Mitchell McLain, Vera Millsaps, Pauline Shaver Moore, Ethel Wells Moore, Lynette Swain Moss, Bessie Wright Ragland, Louise Whitley Rice, Mildred White Ritchie, Lillian Ellis Sisk, Gay Holmon Spivey, Rebecca Stimson, Carey Wilson Taylor, Ethel Thomas, Gladys Avery Tillet, Mary Wilson Wall and Mary Kate Cochran Charles. All of the everlasting officers were present.

Louise Whitley Rice served as toast-mistress. Annie Albright brought forth peals of laughter by her famous negro dialect speech of 1911-'12, "The Joys and Pleasures of Bein' a Freshwoman at the Nawth Ca'line State Nawmal and Hindustrious College." Lynette Swain Moss was called upon to reproduce her ancient masterpiece, "'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost Than Never to Have Loved at all." Vera Millsaps was asked to speak on "Why she hadn't bobbed her hair," and Mary Wilson Wall on "How She Has Kept so Young." Speeches were also heard from Mazie Kirkpatrick Gainey, as the farmer, Gertrude Carraway, the journalist, Mildred White Ritchie, the champion mama, and Katherine Erwin, the everlasting president. Favors were red address books which circulated around the table until each contained the name, address and occupation of everyone

present. On Sunday, Lena Glenn Pratt and Kathleen Hall increased the names on 1915's register to twenty-eight.

Katherine Erwin, President.

CLASS OF 1916

THE Greene Street Grill was the scene of the 1916-ers class dinner; time, 6 o'clock Saturday. Clare Henley Atkisson had charge of local arrangements; Annie Beam Funderburk, as class secretary, was chairman of the attendance committee. It was the best, the largest, and the happiest class reunion this group of lavender and whites has ever had.

CLASS OF 1917

THE "Jolly 17-ers" reuned in the sun parlor of Gray Dormitory at 5:30, Saturday afternoon, June 4, with the Greensboro 1917 alumnae, Etta Schiffman, Maggie Staton Howell Yates, Naomi Joplin Gideon and Annie Simpson Pierson Stratford as hostesses. Light refreshments were served while we talked of old times and transacted the necessary business. Letters and greetings from absent ones were read, and happenings in our lives during the past ten years were reviewed. Each one present wore an insignia made by Etta Schiffman. Those who answered the roll call were: Ethel Ardrey Coble, Winifred Beckwith, Isabel Bouldin Edmunds, Lois Campbell Wilson, Gladys Chadwick, Ann Daniel Boyd, Sidney Dowty Faucette, Alice Hall Dixon, Flossie Harris Spruill, Laura Holt Terry, Hattie Lee Horton Stall, Maggie Staton Howell Yates, Naomi Joplin Gideon, Minnie Long Ward, Juanita McDougald, Louise Maddrey, Frances Morris Haworth, Lillian Morris, Helen Oliver, Sadie Patton Pharr, Annie Simpson Pierson Stratford, Agnes Petree Cazal, Alice Poole Adams, Katie Pridgen, Artelee Puett, Etta Schiffman, Marguerite Sherrill Bartholomew, Henrietta McMillan, Frances Wicker McEachern, Elizabeth

Masemore Spencer, Mary Freshwater Coble, Esther Covington Mann, Ollie Lyon. Ann Daniel Boyd, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1918

WE gathered on Friday evening, June 3, at the Church of the Covenant. Some of the younger girls of the church had prepared a lovely dinner for us there, carrying out the color scheme of Green and White through all the meal. We began with grape fruit topped with green cherries and ended with cream and cake, each piece of cake having a green '18 on the white icing. Marie Lineberger Richardson presided. Early in the evening she gave us the following statistics about the class:

42 married, 34 single, 2 dead, fattest weighs 185, smallest weighs 93, average weight 130, 32 bobbed hair, 28 mamas, 52 children, 6 mamas have 3 children each, youngest child 2 months old, oldest child seven one-half years old.

During the meal each of those present gave a short record of how she had spent the past nine years. Letters were read from a number of the absentees. The most interesting part of the meeting was perhaps the reading of a letter from Dr. Lula Disosway, of Shanghai, China, where she is in charge of a hospital of 150 beds, with only one other doctor to help her, a native woman. She told quite a bit of the effect of the war on her work and the conditions in and around the foreign settlement. Kate Hunt Kirkman brought us a lovely white birthday cake with nine candles on it. Each of us cut a piece of this cake as is the custom with birthday cakes.

Those present at this reunion were: Daisy Boyd, Marguerite Galloway, Kate Brooks Pond, Susie Brady Brown, Martha Blakeney Hodges, Susan Green Finch, Leone Blanchard Stockard, Esther Clapp Jones, Marie Lineberger Richardson, Laura Sumner, Nancy Porter Kirby, Inabelle Coleman, Ruth

White Byrd, Kate Hunt Kirkman, Mabel Smith Draper, M. Nell Hartman Lashley, Vic Mial, Ethel Shore, Claytie Hedrick Feezer.

Susan Green Finch, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1919

OUR class reunion dinner was held in the private dining room of the King Cotton Hotel on Friday evening, June 3. Twenty-two members were present for this event. One of the most interesting features of the glad occasion was the distribution of "Cardinal, Junior," the class history, bound in attractive form, and issued to those present. Copies will be mailed to the absent ones.

On Saturday afternoon special memorial services were held for Marguerite Brawley in the chapel of the Music Building. At that time this song, words and music both written by Lucy Cherry Crisp, was sung by Mary Wooten:

BELOVED, WHEN YOU SANG
(To Marguerite Brawley)

Beloved, when you sang to me
Your tender, sweet refrain,
I thought it but your song I loved
And bade you sing again.

I listen now and hear you sing
Far out in Heaven's blue,
And in my lonely heart I know
'Twas not your song—but you!

Marjorie Craig wishes to express to the class of 1919 her appreciation for the beautiful portfolio sent her a short while after commencement.

Marjorie Craig, President.

CLASS OF 1920

CLASS of 1920 met for its reunion with Lela Wade Phillips at her home in Sunset Hills. The class colors, lavender and white, were used everywhere in the decoration of her attractive home. For the first half-hour we enjoyed an informal get-together. Many saw college friends for the first time in seven years. Naturally there was much to talk about—homes, hus-

bands, babies, jobs! We were so happy that Doctor Foust and Sarah Power Armstrong (Mary Foust's little daughter) came for a brief visit, that we had our picture made while they were with us! The class gave Sarah Power a bouquet of lavender and white sweet peas as an expression of its love for her mother, and sent a basket of the same flowers to Mary's mother, Mrs. J. I. Foust.

The dinner—chicken salad, potato chips, sandwiches and pickles—was served buffet style. This was followed by an iced course in which our colors were again used.

The class meeting was called to order by Lela Wade Phillips, who acted as chairman in the absence of Margaret Lawrence. The first thing we did was naturally and inevitably to sing our class song, and we sang it lustily! You would never have known that we hadn't sung it together for seven long years. During the roll call those present answered to their names by telling of themselves, and those absent were answered for by anyone who knew about them. It took about

two hours to call the roll, there was so much to tell! At its conclusion we had a special service in memory of our classmates who have passed from among us, closing with a prayer by Sybil Barrington Corbett. After a short business meeting, during which we sang our college song, the reunion evening came to a close.

Those present were: Patte Jordan, Joe Causey, Katherine McLean Jordan, Ida Owens Bonner, Sybil Barrington Corbett, Mabel Boysworth, Winnie Smith McKinney, Josephine Hopkins, Florence Miller Deal, Catherine Cobb Smoot, Mary Bynum Paris, Carrie Tabor Stevens, Hattie Wilson Dunn, Ruth Robinson Kilgo, Frances Medearis Horton, Lydia Farmer Thrasher, Elsilene Felton Spier, Jessie Rankin, Thelma Adams Gudger, Lucille Leroy Belanga, Myra Stone, Minerva Jenkins Dorsett and Lela Wade Phillips.

Marguerite Jenkins Morrow, Mildred Mendenhall, Elsie Yarborough, Nannie Mae Tilley and Natalie Coffey were among those who came later for the commencement exercises.



MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1920 WHO HAD ARRIVED ON FRIDAY, JUNE 3

Gathered at the home of Lela Wade Phillips in Sunset Hills. President Foust and Sarah Power Armstrong, daughter of Mary Foust Armstrong, '20, in the foreground. Wade Phillips, Lela's son, is the other child in the picture

CLASS OF 1921

WE had a really "wonderful" (now you know we aren't "getting old") reunion at Sedgefield Manor, centering around a class supper, on Friday, June 3, at 6:30 p.m. Only twenty-two could reach here in time for that particular occasion, but from first to last about forty '21's were back for the Homecoming. "Views and reviews" were expressed a-plenty. But we were all of one accord in acclaiming the Homecoming occasion a marvelous success. Lena Kernodle McDuffie.

CLASS OF 1922

ANOTHER rainy June week rolled around. Therefore, in accordance with the predestined course of events, we '22's bent our steps campusward, in order that we might once more hold a reunion and lament the weather! This year there were many old reliables present, whose faces had vanished from the ranks of the class long before the diplomas were handed around on graduation day. And these members of the "old guard" seemed to find much enjoyment in meeting both animate and inanimate friends from the past. Greeted on their arrival by some representative of the class, each member was supplied with a green and white skull cap on which '22 had been painted in white. These they wore throughout commencement as a symbol of their group identity, and these later they turned over to Miss Byrd in order that they might be preserved for use again on some similar occasion.

At the reunion breakfast on Sunday morning at the O. Henry Hotel, twenty-four classmates who entered the college together in the fall of 1918 gathered to talk over old times—and to eat! Nor was the last item by any means the least important, for one corner of the O. Henry Hotel dining room had been set aside for us and there was spread such a feast as might tempt the gods from

Olympus! Canteloupe, fried chicken, hominy, gravy, potatoes, hot biscuits and coffee, all were devoured in amazing quantities, while tongues wagged at both ends and gossip flew in all directions. Sallie Tucker, vice-president, presided.

A check-up on occupations revealed many homemakers, a rural school supervisor, a chemist, a laboratory assistant, and numerous school teachers, and a few ladies of leisure among those present. Marie Bonitz appeared to have had the most interesting past of any one there, as she had in the last year been school teacher, clerk, student, movie actress, clothes model, actress on the legitimate stage in Greenwich village, saleswoman and student, and was now considering the position of governess-companion for the young daughter of one of the country's foremost millionaires. The combination resulting from these experiments was wonderful and satisfying to behold!

Perhaps the other patrons of the dining room were surprised when they heard the strains of "Striving Ever Upward" sung out by the enthusiastic voices of '22; but we could not have closed under any circumstances without singing our class song. After discussing a few business problems we very reluctantly adjourned, with the wish that such gatherings might occur more frequently.

Helen Creasy Hunter.

Muriel Barnes.

CLASS OF 1923

WELL, after four short years reunion time did come, and when it did about seventy-five of us came back to greater North Carolina College to enjoy the fellowship of each other and of our sister classes, to reaffirm our faith in our alma mater, and to renew our allegiance to her ideals. We were an increasingly delighted bunch when we found ourselves once more on the campus, and saw here and there red and white welcome signs. red

and white streamers on the trees and on the bridge, and a huge red and white poster marking the entrance to Rockingham, which, by the way, served as headquarters (and sleeping quarters when we slept) for most of us.

In spite of the bad weather Saturday morning, we arrayed ourselves in those red and white dotted dresses and joined the alumnae parade to the auditorium, where we sat as a group and reveled in the dedication exercises. Then we went to the reunion luncheon in South dining room and there put the finishing touches to our costumes by adorning those quaint and fetching little red bonnets you've hear'n tell of. Our part of the program—besides, of course, demonstrating that four years had availed little in abating our appetites—was to sing our class song and incidentally to display our own particular reunion outfit.

Josephine Jenkins Bullock had arranged for the class baby show Saturday afternoon in Cornelian Hall. All the proud mothers didn't get to come for this worthy affair, but four of them did. Bertha Drew Harris was there with darling little Nan Lacy, the first baby in the class, and also a first class baby. Josephine had cute and clever Betsy Anne with her. Frances Watson Bell ventured forth with fair Frances, the second, though she called her by another name. Augusta Sapp Stough was present with her youthful and good-natured little son, Mr. Stough, Junior. Each of these won red and white ribbons, to be sure; and each was presented with a white ball with a red '23 on it.

The banquet held in the ballroom of the King Cotton was the state occasion of the Homecoming season for us. As we entered the room the magnificent crystal ball in the center of the ceiling on which colored lights were thrown cast its varicolored flickering shadows over the place and gave it indeed a festive and even a fantastic appearance. The tables were effectively decorated with red

roses and big red balloons in the shape of policemen.

Mary Sue Beam, in the absence of the president and vice-president, acted as toastmistress and gave the first toast—to the college. In response we sang, "Ain't It Good Tonight." While our five-course menu was in progress toasts were interspersed here and there. Iola Parker, an unmarried, gave a toast to the husbands, and Sara Harrison Hicks responded. Virginia Harris gave one to the babies, and Bertha Drew Harris replied. Grace Albright toasted the wives, and Augusta Sapp Stough answered. Josephine Jenkins Bullock toasted the old maids, and Mary Trundle replied. Sarah Harper gave her tribute to the school teachers and Alberta Thompson thanked her for it. Eva Hodges paid her respects to the social workers, and Helen Chandley championed them. Eleanor Hill did likewise for the newspaper women in defense of whom Nell Craig arose. Mary T. Peacock offered a few words in behalf of the business women, and Virginia Wood accepted them hesitantly. Leah Willis bespoke sympathy and envy for the Housekeeper, and in reply Susie West Mendenhall expressed appreciation for the same and incidentally for the role of housekeeper.

Molly Matheson Boren took us back to "old times" when she sang several solos for us; and we all reminded ourselves of college days by singing, "Skin-a-ma-rink-a-dink-dink" and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here." Nan Lacy Harris, clad in the daintiest little white silk frock, played around among us and added much to our pleasure. Virginia Terrell, who to our very keen disappointment was unable to come, wired a toast to the class of 1923 and we all responded by singing the class song. While still standing and while the splendid crystal ball again cast its multicolored glow upon us, we all toasted greater North Carolina College by singing feelingly the college song.

The midnight class meeting, held as before in Cornelian Hall, was truly a typical session. We talked out of turn, argued as usual, and Maude Bundy played up to her accustomed role by seconding the motions. We transacted some important business, expressed deep appreciation to the reunion committee and those who had worked with it for so excellently preparing for the grand occasion, and then we each told what we dared tell about ourselves and others of our classmates. The star event of the meeting was the distribution of "Choice Gossip," the bulletin Nell Craig got out about us all.

We missed sorely those who for various reasons were unable to attend the memorable affair; especially did we miss our everlasting officer. We hope that when another four years shall roll around, all of us who were here this time and all those who were not can gather and sing once again at least one version of our many-tuned class song!

Mary Sue Beam, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1924

WE met in reunion in the ballroom of the O. Henry Hotel, Saturday evening, June 4, from six to eight o'clock, where a four-course dinner was served. Preceding the banquet we had a "baby show," in which the "entries" were the '24 grand-children living in Greensboro.

The dinner centered around the ship idea. On the tables handsome ships were used as centerpieces, and attractive lavender and white ships served for place cards. Lavender and white sweet peas, the class flower, added still further to the table decorations. About the chandeliers, the class colors were effectively draped. The rhyme of the "Ancient Mariner," on the "Good Ship '24," was told in the following toasts: "Bon Voyage," Helon Murchison Tucker; "Setting Sail," Linda Smith; "High Tide," Susie Roberts; "Storms,"

Elizabeth Simpkins; "Marooned," Rena Cole; "Sails Furlled," Faith Johnson Bunn; "S. O. S.," Cleo Mitchell; "Au Revoir," Class of '24. Ethel Royal, president, presided. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail, celery, olives, fried chicken, lyonnaise potatoes, string beans, tomato surprise, strawberry ice cream, chocolate cake, tea.

In the short business meeting that followed, the class made definite plans for the lavender and white reunion next year.

Cleo Mitchell, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1925

IT would be hard for any one of us to say what was the best thing about this commencement. There was the long line of alumnae, faculty and students moving on to the new auditorium; the new auditorium itself, which was more splendid than even we had imagined it; there were a number of "old" girls whom we all knew; our own big sisters had their first reunion with half of them present; there were our little sisters grown to be more dignified seniors; and then there was our own reunion Saturday afternoon at the Hylmore Tea Room. It would be hard to say what one thing we enjoyed most.

Because the big snow in the spring interfered with school teaching, and made extended terms necessary in some cases, a great many '25's were unable to be present. The thirty of us who met for our reunion enjoyed seeing each other, hearing everybody's experiences of the last two years, and playing with Mary H. Cobb McGougan's young son. We are planning to have our next reunion in 1929—the year in which all blue and white classes have reunions, and we expect everybody to be there.

It was a great sight to see the hundreds of college women back to do honor to our alma mater. Nobody who was present Saturday morning could fail to get inspiration from the occasion. The '25's who were back were: Malissa

Andrews, Katherine Buie, Mozelle Owen, Elizabeth Johnson, Mary L. Moore, Mattie Erma Edwards, Mamie Proctor, Lola Harwood, Margaret Birdsong, Jean Craig, Laura Russell, Annie Laurie Hudson, Louise Farber, Evelyn Reed, Ethel Crew, Elizabeth Strickland, Beatrice McCracken, Thettis Smith Hoffner, Ida Groves, Annie Belle Buie, Margaret McKenzie, Clara Foscoe, Margaret Bell, Ruria Biggs, Edith Everett, Polly Burton, Joe Clark, Edna Bingham, Maurine Long, Mary H. Cobb McGougan, Mary Pegram Kennedy, Emma Sharpe Avery, and Mae Graham.

Among those who came for the dedication of the auditorium, but were unable to stay for Saturday evening were: Blanche Dellinger, Emily Weddington, Sarah Wiley, Frances Brandis and Annie Glass Roediger.

Mae Graham, Secretary.

CLASS OF 1926

WE came back, good folks, for our very first reunion, to help dedicate the new auditorium. It was our first experience with reunions; a year ago we hardly knew the meaning of the word. Now we do. And there's nothing else in all the world like one. And the dictionary doesn't tell half all there is to its meaning. How we do sympathize with those who were not here.

Alethiean Hall was headquarters for the '26's. Here we reported Saturday morning, registered, and received green and white scarfs. The scarfs, together with our field day swagger sticks and white dresses, distinguished the "distinguished class of 1926!" We joined the procession in front of Spencer and marched with the other green and whites to the new auditorium. It is impossible to describe the joy and exaltation (indeed, almost the bewilderment), that we felt as we entered and took our place in that simple, beautiful building. Was this our alma mater? We almost envied

the class of '27 the honor of being the first class to receive their diplomas within its walls. However, we feel proud of the fact that the auditorium was at least begun in our senior year! After the dedication exercises we hied us back to Alethiean Hall and went from there in a body to the luncheon in South dining hall.

The class reunion dinner took place on Saturday evening, in the banquet hall of the Hylmore Tea Room. Green runners, daisies, and the class flower lent decoration to the tables. Address books, bound in green and white, containing the names and addresses of the members of the class, were given as favors. After we had sung our class song, Georgia Kirkpatrick welcomed us and struck an informal note that prevailed throughout the dinner. We moved about from table to table, exchanging greetings and experiences. Several interesting announcements were made, and the following telegram from Hilda Weil, our senior president, was read: "Hope '26 shows up well. Am sorry I can't leave. But I will try to cheer up here at Wellesley. Tell me about it. Best wishes. Love. Hilda." At the conclusion of the two-course chicken dinner, we sang the college song, and this brought the dinner to a close.

But that night, at midnight to be exact, we gathered again in Alethiean Hall for a business meeting—very much a reproduction of our last class meeting a year ago. We do not know the exact number of our class who returned for the Homecoming. Ninety-one attended the dinner. But many others who registered at alumnae headquarters were not present for it, and still others came for certain events who did not register at all. But we feel that our first reunion was a great success, and we are happy to have had the privilege of helping to make possible the great occasion—the alumnae Homecoming and Dedication of the new auditorium.

Harriet Brown, Secretary.

Report of the Alumnae Office

AS the year is closing and we pause to take a backward look, we can scarcely refrain from expressing the feeling that after all it is not one year's work we are to tell about, but two or three packed into one! And that leads us on to the conclusion that like the proverbial oak in the acorn, we had better pack our report into a correspondingly limited space, lest in our enthusiasm it should become a "spreading oak" indeed. So here we produce our "acorn."

When Founder's Day was finally behind us last fall, we could feel that the year was fairly well begun, because we had not only assisted with the celebration on the campus, but had broadcasted letters among the alumnae, totaling eighteen thousand enclosures, and had promoted and furnished programs for between thirty-five and forty local Founder's Day meetings throughout the state.

After that we had scarcely edited the fall number of the "Alumnae News" and sent it merrily on its way, before plans for the Alumnae Conference claimed our attention. This conference, meeting on December 4, was honored with an attendance of eighty-two: board members, class representatives, and county chairmen.

Two great objectives were before the conference: First, to find our place in the legislative campaign, and to get back of President Foust's program with the legislature; second, to lay plans for the Homecoming and Dedication. After a meeting, characterized as someone expressed it, by the "spirit of the crusaders," we adjourned, feeling that we had accomplished our purpose. We had luncheon together in Spencer dining hall, and in the afternoon received the members of the senior class at tea at the residence of President and Mrs. Foust.

From then on until now we have been marching "breast forward." Considerable organization work was done in connection with the legislative program—the state was districted, chairmen appointed and literature sent out. But in the end it seemed best that alumnae effort be laid aside.

The classes at the conference voted to have freshmen class reunions in connection with the Homecoming and to call back to their group all those who attended college together the first year. Moreover, every class voted to have a reunion, and set about their preparations with high good will. For weeks the alumnae

office prepared and sent out hundreds of lists, both class and county. All possible assistance was given to the classes, as the need arose and the calls came, including the mimeographing of thousands of letters.

The alumnae secretary was a member of all committees in connection with the Homecoming. How many committee meetings she arranged and attended will perhaps remain a mystery. Twelve trips were also made by her into the field, most of them chiefly in the interest of the Homecoming and Dedication.

The regular work of the office has been carried on: the editing and mailing out of the "Alumnae News"; notices about fees; the usual correspondence; keeping up with changing addresses; the regular bookkeeping. In the fall statements were sent to all subscribers to the Student-Alumnae Building Fund (a detailed report of this fund is given following).

With this brief review, we leave it to your own happy imaginations to supply the rest.

As these lines are being written, requests for reservations for the Homecoming and Dedication are pouring in. The event promises to be a glorious one. Indeed all things indicate that we have been making alumnae history these past twelve months.

To the alumnae at large, especially to the class officers and local chairmen, we record our unbounded appreciation for their splendid co-operation. We have demonstrated our collective power when devoted to achieving a fine purpose. As alumnae at large, our special thanks are due to our president, Kathrine Robinson Everett, upon whom we called often and who never failed to respond; to the Homecoming committee on attendance, Rosa Blakeney Parker, chairman, Adelaide Van Noppen Howard, Patte Jordan, Mable Stamper; to the committee on hospitality, Miss Coit, Miss Jamison, Miss Killingsworth, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Coolidge, Miss Sherrill; to Mr. Livers, the business manager; to Mr. Dunn, for his publicity work; to Dean Brown, for the oratorio; to Mr. Taylor for the play; to Mrs. Cone and the other alumnae marshals, Mrs. Douglas, Branson Price Daniel, Ellen Stone, Marguerite Galloway, Fleida Johnson, and to the faculty marshals, Dr. Blauch, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Shaftesbury, Mr. Hall; to the sophomores, for their untiring and effective work in behalf of the Homecoming. Last of all and chiefest of our thanks are due to President Foust, for his unfailing interest and assistance in the Homecoming and Dedication occasion.

GENERAL FUND

Balance, May 23, 1926\$ 543.19

Receipts

Fees 1,016.70
Advertising and other 225.00
Total\$1,784.89

Disbursements

Printing\$ 26.65
Pine Needles 2.50
Traveling Expenses 6.93
Returned Checks 7.00
Flowers 19.00
Stationery 9.50
Miscellaneous 13.90
Alumnae Conference Expense 23.70
Alumnae News 944.50
Membership fee
 National Assoc. Alum. Sec. 10.00
 Alumnae Magazine Assoc. 10.00
Total\$1,073.68

Balance May 25, 1927\$ 711.21
(Accruing expense will practically absorb this balance.)

OLD BUILDING FUND

Balance May 23, 1926\$ 1,655.94

Receipts

North Carolina College for Women
 for Alumnae Tea House 24,500.00
Cook Books 51.50
Class Connection Fund 146.00
Total\$26,353.44

Disbursements

Notes Payable (E. J. Forney, Tr.) ..\$20,000.00
Transfer to Savings Dept. American
 Exchange National Bank 4,500.00
Advertising 1.92
Printing 25.75
J. E. Latham Co. 120.00
Transfer to Savings Dept. American
 Exchange National Bank 1,450.00
Transfer to Greensboro Nat'l Branch 5.00
Total\$26,102.67
Balance May 25, 1927\$ 250.77

STUDENT-ALUMNAE BUILDING FUND

Balance May 26, 1926\$28,421.18
Receipts during year 22,262.67
Total in American Exchange
 National Bank, Savings De-
 partment, May 26, 1927\$50,683.85

Clara B. Byrd.



SIX MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

Snapped at random by the photographer on Class Day. Reading left to right: Ruth Jones, Sarah Johnson, Madeline Kellum, Tempie Williams, Rosa Meredith, Marjorie Bonitz

The Letter Box

[Last fall, Marjorie Mendenhall, '20, taught in the department of history at Vassar College, taking the place of a member of the faculty on leave. The second semester she went to Radcliffe to do residence study to complete the work for her master's degree. She returns next year to her work here at the college as a member of the faculty in the department of history. While she was away we asked her to give us some of her "impressions," and she has done that in the charming letter we publish here.]

Cambridge, Mass.

FIRST of all, let me tell you that I have thoroughly enjoyed my numbers of the *Alumnae News*—at least as much as one could while remembering that she could not be with you for the Homecoming. Think of it! I have two exams on the tenth. Perhaps it is poetic justice for being away this year, but I would not willingly have it so.

In one way I am glad that I am having this opportunity to see my own college in a new perspective. My stay at Vassar was delightful. If I were to give a very superficial comment on Vassar and Radcliffe, I would say that Vassar excels in pleasant living, and Radcliffe in opportunities for real scholarship. Radcliffe has little attraction other than its opportunity for study. Of course I saw Vassar as an instructor, and am seeing Radcliffe as a student. But there is a very great difference. Radcliffe in a halting fashion, almost in the manner of a clinging vine, is a reluctantly accepted annex to Harvard. But I forgive the reluctance when I am reading or adventuring in the truly remarkable Widener library. Vassar is of course purely an arts college. The emphasis there is on the classics, languages and literature, fine arts, and strange to say, chemistry. Nothing is studied there openly as definite preparation for a future job. The idea seems to be to provide for an absorption and appreciation of culture. That does not mean that the instruction is not of a high character—it is of a very high character. Vassar does a broad (but a distinctly single type) piece of work. It does not produce scholars or workers—I do not think it intends to do either.

It seems absurd, I suppose, to say that I was violently stirred at the sight of white charwomen. This I think is interesting in view of a feeling I have that we in the south have accepted the principle of democracy with an exuberance and enthusiasm that these people question and do not understand. Such things as private schools, Irish dominance in politics, and great class consciousness, make me conscious of our great social solidarity.

I hesitate to make these observations, because they are mere observations. But I do not hesitate to make another. I feel a tremendous and unashamed pride and affection for our college. Of course we have much to work for; but for a college so young I think we have had a brilliant history.

My major thesis this spring will be on "Women in the South from 1865-1890." I have been reading or rereading Walter Hines Page's "Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," his "Autobiography of a Southerner," and the "Life and Letters." It is a thing to be valued that Page knew and described our Doctor McIver, and that he first gave that magnificent address, "The Forgotten Man," at our college. He gave us a slogan, a turned phrase, about which we have talked little, and acted rather wisely. There is no doubting that we have had an important part in our state's advance. I remember how various members of my class went out to the country schools with very great and admirable ideals. I do not find here that close and solid connection between state or society on the one hand, and college on the other. We hear a great deal of the University's functioning in the state. We have played and are playing a remarkable part. Of course we will serve in the future, in constantly modified and more varied ways. I like to think of our college as an integral part, a pivotal part, of our great work in the state.

I am trying to keep my enthusiasm within bounds. I hope the occasion will justify its expression.

You are of course busy and happy in the prospect of the Homecoming. You must be prepared to tell me all about the celebration when I arrive about the middle of June.

Marjorie Mendenhall, '20.

[Elizabeth Morisey, '26, A.B., is doing an interesting piece of work as a playground director in Jacksonville, Florida. Her work is carried on under the auspices of the playground and recreation department of the city of Jacksonville. The *Alumnae News* asked her in the spring to "tell us more about it," and she has done so in the following letter.]

704 Hogan Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

I AM really so enthusiastic over my work that I welcome the privilege of talking about it, perhaps too fluently at times.

As you know, I am connected with the playground and recreation department of the city of Jacksonville, Florida. Since coming down here in June, immediately after graduation, I

have been a director on one of the several playgrounds of which Jacksonville boasts. During the summer months, I was only a part time worker, getting the experience necessary for greater participation in the field.

Our playground activities during the summer included handcraft for boys and girls, story-telling, checker tournaments, special stunt nights, horse shoe tournaments, and all the simple games as well as the more highly organized sports, such as football, volleyball, boundball, baseball, etc. Very successful, also, were various city-wide events, such as the pet show, baby regatta, balloon and airplane contest, a mammoth hallowe'en parade, handcraft exhibitions and a doll show. Large numbers of the people—adults as well as boys and girls—participated in these events which have created an ever-growing interest on the part of the general public in the activities of the playground and recreation department. The playground department also conducts a "Children's Hour" radio program three nights each week and enthusiastic letters are received from young fans all over the south. Tune in with WJAX and enjoy our programs!

In October I attended the congress of the Playground and Recreation Association of America which was held in Atlantic City. This was a great inspiration to me and I left the congress with a deeper insight into the many diversified phases of leisure-time activities. Recently, I have helped with the recreational part of programs for different civic organizations, churches, clubs, etc.

Although my work is "play," yet it cannot be the success we think it should be without real effort, initiative, and enthusiasm. It is a growing work—ever increasing in importance and dignity in the eyes of the public. College trained workers are needed; men and women who "love people," who enjoy participation in such activities as I have mentioned, and above all, who have the firm conviction that the leisure-time activities of our girls and boys, men and women, are just as important as the nature of their working hours. This field is one which is already attracting, and will do so more and more, college graduates, and I hope to hear of many N. C. C. W. girls finding their work in "play."

I enjoy the Alumnae News more than I can say, and am eagerly looking forward to the next number, so that I may read of what is happening to the members of '26, to my other college friends and to Alma Mater herself.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth Morisey, '26.

JUNE ROSES

Rabbi Wise: I thought the exercises were beautifully arranged. And do accept my congratulations on the excellent speeches made by the women. You have a noble auditorium, and I trust it may always be put to the finest uses of your commonwealth.

Mrs. J. A. Brown, member of the board of directors of the college, and also member of the executive committee of the board: I just must tell you what a glorious success the Homecoming and Dedication was. It surely went over with a bang. I am sure it represented much work and many anxious hours, but you can rest now in looking back on a piece of work well done.

Miss Easdale Shaw, member of the board of directors of the college: May I tell you again how much I enjoyed the Homecoming and Dedication. It was certainly very beautifully planned and executed in every detail. I am sure this was largely due to your fine management, as well as to having a splendid body of loyal alumnae ready to gather at the call of their college.



A SUMMER SCHOOL LYRIC

Not by Rudyard Kipling

Tune: "I Went to the Animal Fair"

We went to the summer school,
'Most all the teachers were there:
Some were old,
Some were young,
And some had bobbed their hair.

We were asked to registraire,
Which we did with a solemn air,
Because it took
From our check book
Every cent we'd laid up there.

And to chapel we must go
Every single day or so,
To hear men chat
On this and that,
Whether we liked or no.

We meet Mr. Hurley at nine
With his novel course so fine,
Authors galore,
Hardy and Moore,
Walpole and Hergesheim(er).

We go to Miller next,
Who teaches without a text;
'Tis a rapid waltz
'Twixt true and false,
And that's why we are wrecks!

Affairs of Local Clubs and Associations

ALAMANCE COUNTY ASSOCIATION

A WELL ATTENDED committee meeting was held in the office of Mary Grier in Burlington on the afternoon of April 7. Mrs. W. J. Barker was in charge. The alumnae secretary was present and went over with the group Homecoming plans. It was decided to have a tea after Easter, honoring all the alumnae in the county, to interest them in the great return on June 4. It was also decided to have a banquet next fall at the new Alamance Hotel, with speakers from the college.

BUNCOMBE COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: On Saturday afternoon, April 23, our group met at the Asheville high school. The keynote of the gathering was "Homecoming," and there was much enthusiasm, which augured well for our representation on the great occasion.

Nettie Parker Wirth, Chairman.

CABARRUS COUNTY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: Elizabeth Black presided at a called committee meeting held at the new hotel in Concord on the afternoon of March 16. The alumnae secretary was present and went over with us plans for the Homecoming. We decided upon methods of reaching the alumnae in our county, and planned our publicity. We also discussed plans for a county-wide meeting next fall.

DAVIDSON COUNTY ASSOCIATION

WE HAD an unusually successful meeting at the home of Mrs. J. F. Spruill, Lexington, N. C., on the evening of May 6. Mrs. W. H. Weir, Thomasville chairman, presided. Clara Byrd, our alumnae secretary, was guest of honor and speaker. It was announced that Ellen Owen had been elected Lexington chairman for the coming year. Plans for attending the Homecoming were discussed and an attendance committee appointed. We also decided that there should be at least two county-wide meetings of the association each year, one on Founder's Day and one during the spring holidays. A number of enthusiastic talks were made by various members present. After the business meeting, the hostess served delicious refreshments in which the college colors were effectively carried out. Between forty and fifty alumnae were present.

Eva Lee Sink Weir.

DAVIE COUNTY ASSOCIATION

WE HAD an interesting meeting on Monday afternoon, April 25, in the high school building at Mocksville. "Homecoming" was the theme, and we listened with keen interest as our alumnae secretary, who had come to be with us on this occasion, told us of the plans that the college and the association were making in our behalf. Various members made themselves responsible for spreading the news among those who were not present.

Winnie Smith McKinney, Chairman.

DUPLIN COUNTY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

ORGANIZATION MEETING: On March 26 a representative group of Duplin County alumnae met at the home of Martha Blakeney Blair (Mrs. J. S.), at Magnolia, and organized the Duplin County Alumnae Association. Mrs. Blair was elected president; Miss Evelyn Reid, vice-president. College songs were sung; messages from faculty members read, also a letter from Rosa Blakeney Parker, chairman of the Homecoming committee on attendance. The Homecoming was, of course, the thing of paramount importance. Sub-chairmen became responsible for interesting the alumnae in their various communities, and we further decided to supply a series of newspaper stories about Homecoming to our two county newspapers. The meeting was full of enthusiasm and interest, and our organization hopes to accomplish something of real value to the college.

Martha Blakeney Blair, Chairman.

DURHAM COUNTY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: We gathered for dinner at the Woman's Club in Durham on Friday evening, April 29. Homecoming was the thought uppermost in our minds. Our alumnae secretary, Clara Byrd, brought us an enthusiastic message about it. Mrs. R. O. Everett was also present and talked. We concluded our evening with plans for arousing interest in the Homecoming not only among the Durham alumnae, but also among those in nearby towns.

Kate Mitchell Barringer, Chairman.

GASTON COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: Our regular spring meeting, this year an informal bridge and rook party, took place at the home of the chairman, Alice Poole Adams, on the evening of May 10, with an attendance of twenty-seven. One of the

objects of the meeting was to give our alumnae an opportunity of knowing one another better, and we feel we achieved this purpose with those present. We discussed Homecoming and found that many were planning to go. We also elected the following new officers: chairman, Myrtle Warren; vice-chairman, Naomi Poole Lyday; secretary-treasurer, Lucile Mason Gordon. Alice Poole Adams, Chairman.

MARSHVILLE (UNION COUNTY) ALUMNAE CLUB

MEETING TWO: We had our "Back for the Homecoming" meeting this spring. Mrs. Make Edwards (Eunice Marsh) was made attendance chairman for Union County.

Edna Bell, Chairman.

MECKLENBURG COUNTY ASSOCIATION

THE Charlotte Woman's Club, beautifully decorated with spring flowers, was truly a festive scene on the evening of March 15, when about one hundred alumnae, their husbands, and specially invited guests assembled around the well appointed banquet table. Both men and women were in evening dress. Rose Kennedy, chairman, was toastmistress and presided. A delicious five-course dinner was served. Special guests for the occasion were Governor and Mrs. Cameron Morrison; Mr. W. H. Livers, business manager of the college, representing Dr. Feust; Dr. W. H. Frazer, president of Queen's College; Miss Clara Byrd, alumnae secretary; Superintendent H. P. Harding, of the Charlotte city schools; Miss Carrie McLean, representative from Mecklenburg County in the last general assembly; Mrs. Rosa Blakeney Parker, of Marshville, general chairman of the Homecoming committee on attendance; Mr. Fred Helms, former city attorney.

We were pushed off to a good start by singing the college song. Miss Kennedy then introduced Mr. Helms, who in turn presented Manuel Berger, Charlotte jeweler, in the guise of an "opera singer from the Metropolitan, stopping over for the night in the Queen City," who rendered several selections in costume. Ruth Robinson Kilgo also gave a very pleasing stunt reading. Dr. Frazer told in fine style some of his famous negro stories. Miss Byrd was then presented by the presiding officer. She brought us a lovely and spirited message about Homecoming. Mr. Livers, introduced by Mrs. W. T. Shore, outlined for us the building plans at the college for the immediate future. Governor Morrison was the principal speaker of the evening. He was presented by Mrs. C. W. Tillett as the man during whose administration more had been accomplished for education in North Carolina than ever before in the history of the state. Governor Morrison reviewed the progress of the state during the past recent years, and expressed his ideas as to the policy

the state should pursue in the future. As a final gracious gesture, Mrs. Tillett requested Mrs. Morrison, a former member of the board of trustees of the college, to rise and receive the acknowledgments of those present.

At the close of the program the following new officers were elected: Chairman, Helen Anderson; vice-chairman, Margaret Martin Graham; secretary, Mrs. John Wiley Graham; treasurer, Louise Alexander.

Helen Anderson, Chairman.

NASH COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: Supper was served to about thirty alumnae at the Episcopal parish house in Rocky Mount, Friday, April 1. Preceding it, Mrs. J. R. Bennett asked the blessing and we sang "Carolina." After the meal, the chairman called the meeting to order for the program and the transaction of business. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Cleo Jenkins, secretary. Plans for arousing interest in the Homecoming were made. Moreover, we felt that a forward step was taken when a committee was appointed to work out a program of objectives for our local association to be presented at the next meeting. Miss Mary Arrington, of the class of 1895, gave a delightfully reminiscent talk, in which she paid tribute to the work of Mrs. Elizabeth McIver Weatherspoon at the college. Mrs. J. R. Bennett talked interestingly on the obligation of the alumnae to the college and the state. Irene Gordon, of Nashville, a senior at the college, told us of the college as it is today, and incidentally described the new auditorium which the alumnae are to dedicate. Iola Parker, '23, gave an attractive response to "Red and White." The meeting was interspersed throughout with college songs. All things considered, this was one of our most successful gatherings.

Florence Hale Winstead, Chairman.

NEW YORK ALUMNAE CLUB

MEETING THREE: On Saturday afternoon, February 5, we gave a subscription bridge party at the International House, Columbia University, and after paying all expenses, sent a check for \$32.50 to Miss Byrd, for the student-alumnae building fund. Prizes were donated by different members. Grey Fetter, '26, won the "raffle" prize, six linen napkins; Mrs. Goss, guest of Nan Wood Causey, won high score, a lovely towel; and Alice Sawyer low score, a deck of cards. Refreshments consisting of salted nuts, pear salad, cheese, saltines and tea were served by Naomi Neal Giles, Minnie Evans, Okla Dees Hendley, and Grace Forney Mackie. As we did not register, it will be impossible to give the names of every one present, but in addition to those already mentioned were the following: Rebecca Symmes,

Hattie Parrott, Sue Ramsey Johnston, Annie Cherry, Nan Wood Causey, Margaret Wilson, Nell Pickens, Mary Poteat, Catharine Jones Pierce, Katharine Moran, Wilyjon Medlock, Gladys Murrill Werner, Lily Batterham Burke, Rose Batterman Housekeeper, and four former members of the faculty—Dr. Gudger, Misses Dora May Robinson, Emma King, and Alice Bivens. In addition to the satisfaction we felt in being able to make a contribution to the building fund, we had a thoroughly happy occasion. We missed very much our efficient secretary, Nellie Paschal Metcalf, who was prevented from being with us by a death in her family. Grace Forney Mackie, Chairman.

Meeting Four: Have you ever been in New York when it really was raining the New York way—madly and furiously? It was raining like that on Wednesday night, April 27, the time scheduled for our Homecoming meeting. Of course no one would come, we thought, because no one *could* come. But we were not entirely right, for eight intrepid alumnae—New Yorkers finally reached International House, Columbia, where we had supper together in the cafeteria, and a meeting afterwards. We think the names of those heroic souls should be written down, so here they are: Dr. Gudger, Louise Maddrey, Rebecca Symmes, Sue Ramsay Johnston, Lisbeth Parrott, Theresa Williams O'Kelley, Grace Forney Mackie, and Nellie Paschal Metcalf. Grace, our chairman, coming from Jersey City, said she was drowned six times before she finally arrived! Since she has moved to Jersey City she felt she could not continue as chairman in New York, so Theresa Williams O'Kelley was elected in her place. We talked Homecoming and planned for carrying on the work of the organization in the future. Nellie Paschal Metcalf, Secretary.

NORFOLK-PORTSMOUTH ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

MEETING FIVE: On February 5 our regular monthly meeting was held at the home of the Misses Eagle, with an average attendance despite the downpour of winter rain. The vice-president, Mrs. Fluker, presided in the absence of the president, Mrs. Horsley, who was recovering from a recent illness. Really, our hearts leaped with joy when the treasurer, Annie Wall Baldwin Harman, reported that \$175.00 had been paid on our pledge of \$200.00 to the student-alumnae fund. A recent card party held at the home of Mrs. Horsley was reported a success. As usual, after the business meeting we lingered "over the tea-cups" and enjoyed a happy social hour. Our hostesses had brought to light a large photograph of the charter members of the college faculty, a picture taken in the earliest days of the college. Many of us recognized them all; others only two or three. But the photograph

was almost like a visit with these dear friends of ours.

Meeting six: Annie Wall Baldwin Harman was hostess in March. Mrs. Horsley presided, and we enjoyed the presence of one guest, a sister of our hostess. The attendance was good, though the streets were banked with snow. Homecoming was the theme of the meeting. And while we enjoyed the refreshments during the social hour, conversation about class colors, insignia, the time we were nearly "found out," and other school girl affairs, "flew thick and fast!" Surely we were not "housewives burdened with a weight of care," or "stately teachers"—no, not at all! At least two of our number were planning to return in June.

Meeting seven: Our April meeting was scheduled to be with Marie Richard Fluker in her new home, but owing to her sudden illness this meeting was cancelled.

Meeting eight: The Y. W. C. A. was the scene of our May gathering, which was devoted entirely to business. Among other things, we discussed membership in the A. A. U. W., since we are now eligible for full membership. Our chapter had previously been invited by them to attend a reception at the Woman's Club.

Meeting nine: Our last, until next fall. Mary Johnson was hostess. Lottie and Jennie Eagle gave glowing reports of the Homecoming which they attended. Plans were made for completing the payment of the pledge to the student-alumnae building fund, and officers for next year were elected. We disbanded for the summer, after nine months of activity which has brought much delightful fellowship to us, and we hope evidence of our real interest in our alma mater.

Lottie Eagle, Acting Secretary.

RANDOLPH COUNTY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: This was a specially called committee meeting to confer with our alumnae secretary about Homecoming. We therefore met, about a dozen of us, at the home of our president, Julia Ross Lambert, on the afternoon of April 22. Miss Byrd went over the plans with us and we appointed the necessary committees to assure that every effort would be made to have our county well represented on June 4. We also decided to have a box picnic at the park about the middle of May, to which every alumna in the county would be urged to come that she also might get "inoculated" with the Homecoming spirit!

Meeting three: Our box picnic, planned in April, materialized the middle of May and was a great success. Thirty-five alumnae were present. The president of the senior class at the college, Merry Theresa McDuffie, another member of the class, Pauline Whitaker, and Miss

Katherine Sherrill, secretary to the dean of students, were our special guests, and in their messages brought much of the spirit of the campus to our gathering. Zeke, long time friend of the alumnae, who was chauffeur for our guests, came in for his share of felicitations and congratulations. Julia Ross Lambert presided. Annie Moring Alexander was in charge of the program. Annie Moring Alexander.

[Editor's note: After the return of the "guests from the college" to the campus, we heard echoes of this meeting for days. Though "stately seniors," they were not unmoved by the flowers with which they returned, and by no means unmindful of the boxes of "eats" which they discovered tucked away in their automobile!]

ROANOKE RAPIDS-ROSEMARY CLUB

MEETING ONE: On September 29 we gathered at the home of Elizabeth Smith Lehman and organized for the year; chairman, Eleanor Hill; secretary-treasurer, Mildred W. Taylor. Committees were appointed to arrange a program for Founder's Day in keeping with the request of the alumnae office. Our new chairman was instructed to send a message of greeting to the college on Founder's Day. The meeting concluded with the serving of a salad course.

Meeting two: On Founder's Day, Misses Eleanor Hill and Bertha Johnson were hostesses at a "backwards party" at Coltrane Hall. Every one dressed backwards. We were met at the door by our hostess who said "Good-bye and come again." We were promptly served molasses kisses!! The uniform program was carried out. Under new business, we decided to hold monthly meetings on the first Tuesday night, various members to be hostesses, and that our dues would be twenty-five cents a year. Vail Gray was named chairman of the program committee and Elizabeth Smith Lehman chairman of the publicity committee. The salad course brought this occasion to a close.

Meeting three: El Kornegay and Maitland Sadler were hostesses on November 2 at the home of Mrs. J. F. Vincent. Our publicity committee was asked to see that reports of our meetings were furnished to the local paper, to the school paper, to the Alumnae News, and to the News and Observer. We discussed plans for making money for the student-alumnae building fund. We decided to sponsor a motion picture for this purpose. Voted to have a call meeting at Coltrane Hall on the twenty-second to pack our Thanksgiving box for the Roanoke Rapids girls who are now at the college. At the conclusion of the meeting we enjoyed a delicious salad.

Meeting four: Louise Jackson and Mildred Taylor were hostesses in December at the home of the former. We disposed of a number of

business matters, after which a salad course was served and the meeting adjourned.

Meeting five: Mesdames H. H. King and S. P. Jones were joint hostesses in January. Fourteen of our sixteen members were present. Mrs. Lehman reported that since the pictures for January were not the type to interest children, her committee had decided to wait about the picture until February. New business included the discussion of plans to bring some prominent member of the college faculty here for a series of lectures. Mrs. Lehman was appointed to find out from Miss Byrd whether it would be possible to secure Dr. Smith for this purpose. Then we had an auction sale! Vail Gray impersonated an auctioneer and offered to the highest bidder many articles reminiscent of the days spent on the campus. These articles were paid for with peanut shells representing dollars. After the frivolity, Mrs. Jones served marshmallow parfait, coffee and mints.

Mildred Taylor, Secretary.

Meeting nine: This was the last for the year—an informal dinner on Thursday night, May 19. It was very collegiate in atmosphere, and we discussed Homecoming to our heart's content. It was announced that we had a fund of \$50.00 to be sent to the alumnae secretary as a contribution from our club to the student-alumnae building fund. We felt very happy to be able to offer this substantial evidence of our interest in our college. Our club has also adopted an initiation ritual, written by Marjorie Craig. It was the thought of the meeting that perhaps the entire alumnae association would be interested in this ritual and we hope to present it at the assembly meeting in June. We shall be glad to furnish copies to any county charman who may wish to have it.

Eleanor Hill, President.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: The county chairman, Ruth Winslow Womack, called a committee to meet at her home on Monday afternoon, April 25, to confer with the alumnae secretary about Homecoming. It was decided to organize by towns, and the alumnae present agreed to be responsible for interesting the other alumnae in their particular communities. At the conclusion of the conference Mrs. Womack served a delicious salad course.

ROWAN COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING TWO: This was an alumnae supper, given at the Y. W. C. A., Friday evening, April 22. The central idea was Homecoming. Miss Coit was guest of honor and speaker. Other features were songs and toasts. We were informal and we had a happy occasion.

Meeting three: We had a wienie roast the last of May at the home of Mrs. George Howard. The object: to check up on those who

were going to the Homecoming and how. Plans for next year were also discussed. Adelaide Van Noppen Howard was elected county chairman. Adelaide Van Noppen Howard.

WAKE COUNTY ASSOCIATION

MEETING FIVE: This meeting was scheduled for January, when along came the "big snow" right with it! Therefore the small number able to attend went to the country club for sleigh riding.

Meeting six: Our February gathering was featured by an address by Mrs. Palmer Jerman on the subject, "Measures Before the Legislature of Particular Interest to Women."

Meeting seven: In March we sponsored a dinner during the meeting of the North Carolina Education Association in Raleigh. This was staged at the Peacock Alley Tea Room and was attended by about one hundred alumnae and members of the college faculty. Anne Holdford presided. Mrs. R. O. Everett, the alumnae president, brought us a special message. Miss Byrd, our alumnae secretary, intrigued us greatly with her story about Homecoming, and much enthusiasm for the great occasion was generated. Each member of the faculty present also brought greetings. Plans for a subscription bridge party were worked out. During the business session new officers were elected: Chairman, Mildred Barrington Poole; secretary, Ruth Tate Anderson.

Meeting eight: Our subscription bridge party "to make money" for the association, took place in April at the home of Mrs. Annie Kiser Bost. There were fifteen tables of alumnae and a few guests. It was a real success.

Pauline Williams Koonce.

WILKES COUNTY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

ORGANIZATION MEETING: Thirteen alumnae met in the banquet hall of Hotel Wilkes, North Wilkesboro, Thursday afternoon, May 19. After the singing of the college song, with Mattie Hemphill at the piano and Mrs. R. B. Pharr leading, an article describing plans for the Homecoming was read by Lillian Hauser. Enthusiastic talks were made by Mrs. Pharr, Ruth Henry, and Mabel Hendren. Several expressed the intention of attending, and a motion was carried to the effect that a telegram be sent by all those who could not go. A county organization was formed, and Beatrice Holbrook was chosen as chairman. Those present were: Ruth Colvard, Annie Duncan, Wrenn Duncan, Lillian Hauser, Mattie Hemphill, Mrs. Ray Hemphill (Edith Smoak), Mabel Hendren, Ruth Henry, Beatrice Holbrook, Ruth Hubbard, Verna McConn, Lina B. Turner, and Mrs. R. B. Pharr (Jessie Smoak). The next meeting at which Miss Byrd has promised to be present, will be in the fall.

Beatrice Holbrook, Chairman.

WASHINGTON CITY ALUMNAE CLUB

THE WASHINGTON CHAPTER of the N. C. C. W. A. A. has met regularly the third Tuesday night of each month. The attendance has averaged about ten. The meetings have been held in the homes of the various members.

In October the meeting was held at the home of Miss Pearl Robertson. Officers for the ensuing year were elected. This was followed by a special Founder's Day program in accordance with suggestions from the college. After this program delicious refreshments were served, one feature of which was a birthday cake with candles.

In November we met at the home of Mrs. L. W. Doggett. Plans were made for Christmas celebrations at the December meeting and for a dinner at a meeting early in the year.

The December and January meetings both took place with Mrs. Marguerite Brooks Plummer. At the former, Christmas carols were sung and the guests were then invited into the dining room, which was beautifully decorated. On the table was a Jack Horner pie, from which each member pulled a ribbon to which was tied a fig. Delightful refreshments were served. The January meeting was in the form of a "stork shower" for Mrs. Ruth Kernodle McDonald. Contributions were "pooled" and two experienced members selected the "trousseau" for the little heir who was expected the first of the year. A delicious ice course was served. Mrs. McDonald's mother was also present.

The February meeting was delightfully entertained by Miss Gladys Jackson and Mrs. Jackson at the latter's apartment in Cathedral Mansions. After a short business meeting the remainder of the evening was spent in reminiscence and in discussing Homecoming.

The March meeting was a "get-together" dinner, which was given at the Parrott Tea House on Connecticut Avenue, operated by two charming Wilmington, N. C., ladies. A lovely five-course dinner was served. At this meeting a letter was read from Mrs. McDonald, expressing regret at not being able to be with us, and giving as her reason the arrival of her new son who was requiring all of her attention. A short business meeting followed, at which plans were made to meet with Mrs. Kenyon in April.

In April the meeting was held with Mrs. Kenyon as planned. A letter was read from Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison Duckett, who is at Coronado Beach, California, her husband being on the "Altair." Mrs. Plummer was prevented from attending the meeting by the illness of her little daughter Peggy, who had been very ill, but was convalescing. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining room. Plans were made to meet in May with the Misses Landis.

Della D. Richardson, Secretary.

Among the Alumnae

CLASS OF 1893

Mattie Lou Bolton Matthews (Mrs. J. C.) lives at Spring Hope. She writes: "Incredible as it may seem, my work as housekeeper and homemaker keeps me busy from six a. m. till nine p. m. Oftentimes I wish I could add to the length of the day!" We are sure there are many in the same profession who will quite agree with her. Mrs. Matthews has one daughter, Constance, who spent last year at the Wood's School in Langhorne, Pa. She expects to enter college this fall.

All those who know Bertha Marvin Lee know that she is busy with things worth while wherever she is. Last year she taught Bible three mornings each week in the Mocksville public school. She is also treasurer of the parent-teacher association, member of the Mocksville school board, treasurer of the negro school building fund, director of negro welfare work in the county associated charities and president of her church missionary society. We well understand when she writes: "I find my work as a homemaker and a citizen a never-ending task. 'There is always more land to be possessed.' I am busy and happy and I realize more and more that to obtain lasting results 'I have no time to be in a hurry.'"

CLASS OF 1894

We missed Gertrude Bagby Creasy (Mrs. W. M.) at our reunion. She is bookkeeper in charge of the payrolls for the Atlantic Coast Line, Wilmington. Like a full-fledged business woman, could not leave "around the first of the month." Her son, W. M. Creasy, Jr., graduated from West Point in the class of 1926 and was married soon afterwards. The young man selected aviation as his special work, went into training at Brooks Field, and was soon promoted to Kelly Field.

CLASS OF 1904

Charlotte Ireland Thompson (Mrs. W. I.), of Faison, has three children, James Ireland, Catherine and William A. In addition to her work as homemaker she is active in the woman's club, parent-teacher association and general community work.

Mary Jones is spending her ninth year with the American Red Cross, most of the time doing medical social service work in the Veterans' Bureau Hospital, at Waukesha, Wisconsin. She wrote us on the first day of October: "I am leaving tonight for Miami, Florida, for disaster relief work with the American Red Cross."

CLASS OF 1905

Bessie Heath Daniel, as you may know, classifies herself as a farmer; and the local Person County paper had this to say about her in a recent issue: "Miss Bessie Heath Daniel, who has been preaching diversified farming so long and so well, was on the market Monday with a load of tobacco which she sold for an average of \$42.00, her best pile bringing \$73.00." And along about the same time she exults gleefully about her occupation in a letter to one of her friends: "Once upon a time, in the days that you and I both remember, Mr. Forney recommended me for an office job, and in his reply to the prospective employer he made this statement: 'Miss Daniel can do other things besides write shorthand.' Many, many times in the course of my 'career' those words have caused a broad grin! 'Other things besides shorthand' have indeed come my way. But it has been an intensely interesting and happy journey all the way through. My college training has stood me in good stead every step of the way, especially Mr. Forney's training and influence. If any of the girls want to be farmers, tell 'em to study shorthand first, and take the whole commercial course under Mr. Forney! And also tell 'em to take a tip from one who knows, and be a farmer's wife instead of a farmer! Farmers' wives are the happiest women I have ever known. Dr. Branson gets out a lot of theoretical stuff from the University about the loneliness and discontent of farm folks, and I always want to come back and say 'tain't so.' I can give unlimited statistics to prove my point, too. I know whereof I speak. I have known women in just about every walk of life, and the farmer's wife is the happiest, most contented woman on earth. Why don't I take my own advice? Oh, well, let's be kind, and say I haven't had time! I can take advice all right; but taking the *farmer* is a more complicated proposition! I have often wondered what other alumnae are farmers, and how many there are listed under that classification. I'm sorry that I cannot be at the college for the Homecoming. Since I wrote Ruth Fitzgerald I might be there my father has been desperately ill. He suffered a second stroke of paralysis six weeks ago, and he needs constant attention. Since I am the only one who knows all the details of caring for him, I cannot be away from home for even one day. But my heart will be there with all of you, you may be sure."

Ethel Harris Kirby expressed her regret that she could not be among us during the Homecoming. As secretary to the dean of

Teachers College at Temple University, Philadelphia, it was impossible for her to leave her own work at this particular time. "But the letters I've received have made me homesick," she says.

CLASS OF 1906

[Editor's note: Josie Doub Bennett gathered information and statistics about her classmates and then "rolled it all into one," and out came, "the average 1906 class member." Her result is so good and the game we must think so fascinating, that we publish it here, with the suggestion that you might like to try it with your own class.]

It is impossible to tell you all about each person who has answered our invitation to be present for this reunion occasion. So instead, I will give you the next best thing—a sketch of our average class member. This average is taken from the questionnaires sent out and returned to me before commencement.

You will probably be disappointed to know that she is not a stylish-looking woman. She weighs 140 pounds—no sylph-like Parisian model, you see. And bobbed hair? Only one-fifth of her head is bobbed. This certainly sounds like bangs, but surely she couldn't be so out-of-date!

Let's whisper the next fact about her! She's not orthodox! How could she be when she is 43 per cent Methodist, 40 per cent Episcopalian, 8 per cent Presbyterian, and 1 per cent pulling in various other ways?

Since leaving college Miss Average has clerked two weeks, been a milliner two weeks, nursed one-half year, been a stenographer one year, taught school seven years, and has been a homemaker twelve and one-half years. She has been a mother for nearly twelve years and has one and one-eighth boys and three-fifths of a girl. There's hope for this girl, for we know that when she gets to N. C. C. W. she will soon become five-fifths a woman.

Miss Average has traveled extensively along our Atlantic seaboard, made a number of trips through the west, touched the high places in Europe and peeped at the Orient. She has lived for a short time in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Michigan, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, and China. But nine-tenths of her years have been spent in North Carolina.

She is active in civic, educational, and religious work. She helps organize clubs in town and rural communities, serves on committees, and holds at least one office in some organization.

But after all, "it is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do," and the average member of the class of 1906 has the deep desire which her record exhibits "to choose some path which leads to God and keep it to the end."

Mrs. J. R. Bennett. (Josie Doub).

CLASS OF 1908

Mary Fitzgerald has just closed her third year as supervisor in the training school at the college.

Alice Flintoff (Mrs. L. L. Goodson) lives at Danville, Va., R. F. D. No. 5. Last year she was principal of the elementary department of the Bartlett Yancey high school and taught the seventh grade. She has three daughters, two of whom are expecting to enter college this fall.

Edna Forney spent her vacation visiting in New York with her sister, Grace Forney Mackie, '22, and her brother, A. C. Forney, and later enjoyed the tidal waves of Atlantic City! Lulie Whitaker was with her.

CLASS OF 1910

Katie Kime, Secretary

Before the class of 1910 left alma mater each of its members pledged herself to write a class letter each Thanksgiving. This letter, giving an account of the member's life for the past year, was to be sent to some designated member, and then all letters passed on as a "round robin." With only two or three exceptions, this custom has been observed each year since graduation. This year about two-thirds of the members have written letters and from some of them the following items are gleaned:

Clyde Stancil (Mrs. Judson Blount), of Greenville, N. C., is doing an interesting piece of work with students at East Carolina Teachers College. She has a class of one hundred of them in the Methodist Sunday school. She writes: "It is a joy to work with them. I am so eager to know more of them personally that I'm always 'at home' on Wednesday afternoon, so that any who choose can come over to see me. Of course we have something to eat, and we've had some very enjoyable afternoons."

Annette Munds (Mrs. W. M. Kenly), of Rock Hall, Md., lives on the "eastern shore" of Maryland, two hours ride by boat across the bay from Baltimore. There are some interesting old spots near her. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, which she attends, was founded in 1692. Annette has twin daughters, Celeno Claypoole and Lillian Miller, two years of age.

Clara Lambe (Mrs. E. B. Craven), Conway, N. C., wrote that the P.-T. A. was staging a basketball game between the high school girls and the women. Clara, who was a member of 1910's champion team, was one of the players.

Anna Vernon (Mrs. J. W. Prickett) is now living in Shelbyville, Tennessee. She has two children, Vernon and Mary Catherine.

Eunice Roberts (Mrs. Talmadge Gardner), Shelby, N. C., and her husband have adopted a son. He is an adorable little fellow now about two years old.

Winnie McWhorter (Mrs. R. L. Cox), Calypso, N. C., taught in the high school last year.

Her two boys are in school and "Miss Eugenia, aged three, rules the house and the cook."

Edith Hassell teaches history in the senior high school in Norfolk, Va.

Mamie Griffin Scarborough gives all the mental tests in the Asheville schools. On Saturdays she is kept busy with testing children in other counties, with juvenile court cases and problem cases in schools. She sums it all up thus: "I love it." Last summer she studied clinical psychology and psychology of the problem child at New York University and used Washington Square as a psychological laboratory, testing children there.

Since Annie Lee Harper's (Mrs. J. M. Liles) son is in school, she is again teaching first grade in Wadesboro, N. C.

Viola Keeter (Mrs. Joe Wharton), Greenwood, S. C., says it seems that she spends most of her time at the Main Street Methodist Church. She graduated in pipe organ at Lander College and is organist for this church. She was last year chairman of the program committee for the music club, composed of college and town women.

Jane Summerell is again a member of the faculty of her alma mater, teaching freshman English. Immediately after commencement she went abroad for the summer.

CLASS OF 1911

Antoinette Black Alexander (Mrs. M. O.) has moved from Tazewell, Va., and is living now in Thomasville, where her husband is pastor of the Baptist church. She has four children, two of whom are in school. She writes: "I am enclosing my alumnae fee. The Alumnae News is a source of great pleasure and information. I am joyfully looking forward to our reunion in June."

Frances Broadfoot Claypoole (Mrs. J. S.) is living in New Bern. She has traveled extensively since her graduation, having visited eight European countries and Porto Rico, outside of the United States. Last year she gave a series of travel talks in the fifth grade in the New Bern school, in connection with the study of geography. Mrs. Claypoole has been active in many phases of community work. She assisted in organizing the parent-teacher association in the New Bern school and through the woman's club has been instrumental in having cups and prizes offered in the schools. She has done much social service work, giving freely of her assistance to the county welfare officers, benevolent societies and church organizations in Craven County. She assisted the county farm demonstrator in teaching fancy cooking, basketry, etc. Mrs. Claypoole also serves on the New Bern library board.

CLASS OF 1912

Margaret Evans wrote in the spring from Salaverna, Zac., Mexico: "You may be inter-

ested in news of conditions in Mexico. We were in the midst of the revolutionary uprising on New Year's eve and were raided three times, losing our horses and all the money in the company safe (a small amount kept on hand in anticipation of the raid), but suffered no personal harm. Within ten days government troops had rounded up the revolutionists, executed the leaders, and returned stolen horses. Things are now quiet and there is little danger of further trouble in this section for some time. Accounts of the uprising in American papers were much exaggerated."

CLASS OF 1914

Pauline White Miller (Mrs. Howard S. Miller) writes from Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco: "This is a beautiful post; we are enjoying it very much. But good things come to an end. Recently my husband was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to serve as an instructor in the general staff school there. It seems I cannot get away from schools and studying! But then this is a real honor, and of course I am proud of him. We go August first. I have enjoyed the Alumnae News immensely, and have passed it on to Gladys Emerson. The invitation to the Homecoming in June almost made me homesick. I am sorry I can't be there, but hope to return some day."

Sudie Landon wired from Ballinger, Texas, on June 3: "My heart and thoughts are with you today though two thousand miles are between. My love to all the girls and members of the faculty that I knew."

CLASS OF 1915

Vera Millsaps is professor of biology and chemistry at LaGrange College, LaGrange, Ga., about seventy miles southwest of Atlanta. This is a Methodist college of good standing, having about 110 boarding students, a large number of day students from town and surrounding country, and a faculty of 20. Vera has 44 students in two sections in biology I, 18 in chemistry, and 7 in biology II. Of the latter and their work, she says that they bring back forcibly the happy days in "junior biology lab" under Dr. Gudger and Miss Mary Robinson.

CLASS OF 1916

Anna Doggett (Mrs. L. W. Doggett) is at home in Washington, D. C., 3705 35th Street, N. W. She has two sons, Luman Doggett, Jr., and James Wesley.

Mary Louise Fallon Boyce (Mrs. J. H.), Rich Square, traveled in Europe last summer.

Jessie Groome is Mrs. J. W. Phillips, and lives in Lillington, where her husband is a practicing physician. She has a small daughter, Jessie Groome the second.

It is always a pleasure to hear from Elizabeth Horton Thomson (Mrs. E. L.), who lives at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where her

husband is stationed in the service of the army. They have one son, Thomas Horton. She wrote: "I had hoped that I would be able to wish you all well in person this June, but fate is against me and I must send my greetings and good wishes by mail. I know the reunion will be a great success and that you will all enjoy meeting old friends. Even though I cannot be there in person, I will be there in spirit, saying 'hello' to you all."

Mary Hunter is now at Enfield, N. C. Her time for the last few years has been divided between doing secretarial work and studying. In a secretarial capacity, she spent two years at Cullowhee Normal, Boone. In the fall of 1925 she went to Peabody College and did work toward her master's degree in English, doing part time secretarial work the while. Last summer and fall she did some intensely interesting and original work, gathering and preparing material, to be published later as a thesis or otherwise, concerning dialect in western North Carolina. She has been making her own collection of words and getting others from residents in the mountain sections. On a recent visit to the college she told us that Mr. Horace Kephart, author of "Our Southern Highlands," had supplied her with his own study of dialect to aid her in this interesting undertaking. "I spent the summer in Asheville and Cullowhee, and am pleased to note the continued rapid growth in the schools and good roads, both of which factors are bringing the western part of the state into prominence. As for the college here, I am amazed, almost dumfounded at its physical growth alone. I found, to my great relief, however, a number of former students and other friends working at the college, after I had hesitated as to whether I should enter any building or merely stroll nonchalantly through the campus as a sightseer!" Recently Mary writes: "My address until further notice is as given above. I have been here since the last of March keeping house in our summer shack with my mother, and getting right much fun out of it too—what with building chicken houses (or house, for one hen), constructing levees to stop the washing rains, foraging for something to eat, etc. Truly there are many compensations for those of us who must compromise with life on account of lack of physical strength to endure for long the strain of continuous effort. 'Tain't so simple, either, this country life in this day of automobiles and group center commencements. I enjoyed a day or two at Aurelian Springs and at Roanoke Rapids, at both of which places Mary Hyman was present of course. Superintendent Akers started to introduce us, when Miss Hyman said in her matter of fact way, 'Why, we were in the same class in college.' (Now I really think I was only a freshman or a 'prep' when she was a senior!) One certainly

'runs up with 'em' wherever one goes. Last winter when I did substitute teaching in the high school at Wilmington, I saw Nettie Fleming Smith, Ruth Roth Kypins, and one or two other 'Normal' graduates working there. Good luck and best wishes for the Homecoming. I should like to look in on you; but—if you ever heard of anybody anywhere being in a fundless, lack-of-presentable-clothes state, you will forgive my delinquency!"

CLASS OF 1917

Gladys Emerson is now in Los Angeles, Cal., working for the government. Address her in care of the International Revenue Agent in Charge, 12th floor, 728 South Hill Street.

May Meador, the first alumna to take an M. A. degree from the college in 1922, is head of the history department in the High Point high school.

CLASS OF 1918

Sue Ramsey Johnston was at Teachers College year before last doing part time study. She was back this past year working in household arts education, and hoping to receive her degree by the end of the summer, but the recurring illness of her mother necessitated her returning home, where she now is. We regretted her absence at commencement, and in writing about the Homecoming, she remarks: "While I have not been in hospital dietetics for several years, I am still interested in it as well as the work that is being done in schools and nutrition centers, clinics, and classes. There seem to me to be new phases opening in this line of work with unlimited opportunity for real achievement and service."

Margaret George played leading parts with the "Auditorium Players" at Asheville last summer, and did a large part in giving Asheville what the Citizen called "the best summer stock company that Asheville has ever had." She had hardly got back to New York when she was called on two days' notice to Winnipeg, Canada, to become leading lady in a stock company so old and well established there as to be called "The Permanent Players." Thence she went to play leads at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. Here, as in Asheville and Winnipeg, her playing elicited great applause and most flattering press notices. After some weeks at home in New York City (The Nevada, 2025 Broadway), considering various offers, she accepted a position with the Smith-Roberson Players. This is a big stock organization which maintains stock companies in seven different cities. Margaret is leading lady with the company playing at Reading, Pa. Here she is having the time of her life. She says the company is composed of people delightful to work with, there is adequate direction of the work, full and appreciative houses, and all the attention from the hospitable peo-

ple of the city for which she can spare time from her work.

CLASS OF 1919

Marjorie Craig is now in Reidsville, N. C., and was among our most welcome "daughters" during the Homecoming. She is now engaged in a new and interesting "industry" for this part of the country—that of writing club papers for members who are too busy to do it for themselves. She says she likes the job, too. All of Marjorie's classmates and friends know what a facile pen she wields. So our congratulations are extended not so much to her as to those who are to be aided by her venture into this new business! Let's each of us "advertise" among our club friends (both men and women) and help make Marjorie's new business a "going concern."

Theresa Williams acquired in 1924 the new title of Mrs. C. B. M. O'Kelley. She lives in New York, where her husband is admiralty lawyer, and where Theresa is in training to become millinery buyer for Lord & Taylor.

Flora Britt (Mrs. Lewis Milton Holbrook) lives in Winston-Salem, where she taught for four years. She has a young son, Carl Britt Holbrook.

Nita Andrews has taught history and French at Laurinburg since 1923.

Alma Winslow (Mrs. Edward E. West) lives in Richmond, but she and her husband and young daughter Eugenia have spent most of the spring in Reidsville.

Lucy Gay Cooke attended Pratt Institute of Library Science in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1925 and is now working in the library at Duke University.

Frances Vaughn (Mrs. E. W. Wilson), of Dillon, S. C., is successfully combining the duties of housekeeper and teacher.

Lena Duncan is in Beaufort this year, after teaching in Canton, Scotland Neck, and Aberdeen. She is planning to spend six weeks at Columbia University this summer.

Evelyn Shipley (Mrs. W. H. Hatfield) lives in Greensboro. To the welcome of the college she added the gracious hospitality of her Greensboro friends, and was responsible for the thoroughly enjoyable class dinner at King Cotton Hotel.

Mamie Leeper (Mrs. M. L. Burnette) lives in Tarboro. She is still teaching, and is an active worker in the Baptist church.

Elizabeth Hinton (Mrs. J. B. Kittrell) lives in Greenville, and is the proud mother of three. She has a beautiful home just opposite East Carolina Teachers College.

Ione Mebane (Mrs. G. W. Mann) lives in Winston-Salem. She taught for several years in the high school there.

Margaret Hayes is now rural supervisor of Craven County. A piece of original work in arithmetic which she has just completed will be

issued soon as a bulletin by the State Department of Education. She has done advanced work at Peabody, Columbia, and the University of North Carolina.

Mina Freeman (Mrs. G. T. West) taught domestic science at Bonlee, Grifton, and at Clovis, New Mexico, before her marriage. She now lives in High Point.

CLASS OF 1920

Margaret Lawrence, B. S. '20, M. C. Columbia, '23, has successfully completed the first term's work as a first year student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, New York City. She was excused from examination (an old habit of hers) on histology, and reported as "satisfactory" (the only report given out) on anatomy and physiological chemistry. She says that here she has no "college life" and no "extra-curricular activities," but on the other hand hard work and plenty of it. She is working fifteen hours per day for at least six days in the week, and is happy every hour of every day, for she is learning something all the time. She says that she now realizes what Dr. Gudger meant when he used to say to the biology students that they did not begin to realize what real college work meant nor the joy that comes from such work.

CLASS OF 1921

Lena Kernodle McDuffie has joined the ranks of the "gardeners." "Most every time you call her over the 'phone, the maid cheerfully answers, 'She's out in the garden, but if it's important—just hold the line, I'll call her!'" We are told that she is becoming well versed in annuals, the hardy varieties, perennials, what will bloom best on the west side and the south side, and so on! But just go and see for yourself!

Mary Blair has closed her fourth year teaching English in the Eastside high school of Paterson, N. J. She was also senior class book adviser, editor of the school notes for the newspaper, and secretary of the Monday club, social organization for the faculty. She wrote: "We are now in a new building with excellent equipment. Our enrollment is more than two thousand." For two years past Mary did girl reserve work in the Y. W., but this year she has organized a high school girl scout troop. In preparation for this she spent the summer of 1926 as counsellor at Camp Paterson, near Bear Mountain and West Point. The camp is located on a large lake in the Interstate Park. Mary had charge of dramatics and dancing and in connection with this work wrote and put on a nature pageant which was afterward given for the other camps in the vicinity. And she enjoyed her job immensely.

Anne Fulton Carter (Mrs. Edwin) was among those who studied at the college last summer.

She brought Baby Anne along. We miss them both this summer. Anne taught again last year in Mount Airy.

Kathleen Huntley taught piano last year at Wadesboro.

Matilda Jones Carroll (Mrs. J. J.) has recently moved from Pittsboro to Sanford.

Jessie McNeill Woltz (Mrs. Claude B.) is living in Gastonia, where she taught for several years. In addition to all the usual activities she is interested in the D. A. R., the American Legion and the Delphian Society.

Katherine Millsaps was last year home demonstration agent in Scotland County, with headquarters in Laurinburg. Since graduating at the college Katherine has done summer study here and at Columbia University and has also taken extension courses.

Evelyn Wilson sailed early in June for France, where she will spend the summer studying and traveling. Evelyn returns to Salem Academy next year, where she has been for the last year and a half, to teach French and Spanish.

CLASS OF 1922

Hazel Worsley has been teaching piano in the Rocky Mount high school since her graduation. In the summer of 1923 she studied public school music at Columbia University. Last summer she had courses at the University of North Carolina.

Elizabeth McCracken taught science in the high school at Biltmore last year. She does advanced work at Wake Forest College during the summer sessions.

Juanita Koontz was supervising principal of the elementary school at Rosman this past year. She studied at Columbia University last summer.

Vera Keech received her M. A. from Columbia in the spring of 1926. She was supervisor of Jones County during the past year. She wrote during the year: "This is my first year in supervision, and I find the work intensely interesting." Vera is a member of the N. E. A., the N. C. E. A., and Teachers College Alumnae Association.

Ethel Kearns (Mrs. William H. Hogshead) taught second grade in Greensboro last year. She is member of the woman's club and is secretary for the Eastern Star Chapter, Guilford 141.

Since graduation Jessie Baxley has taught English in the Clayton high school, and has done residence work at Columbia University.

CLASS OF 1926

Harriet Brown, Secretary

French Boyd and Mary Moore Deaton have accepted positions at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. Their address is Bellevue Hospital, E. 26th Street. Mary Moore is in charge of the program of recreation for the nurses.

Frances Dickerson is working in the laboratory of Childs' Restaurant in New York.

Alla Meredith and Ina Kirkman are attending summer school at Columbia.

Marie Jones, who for the past year has been a member of the college faculty in the department of biology, will be at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill., next year.

Kathrine Wolff is planning to study at the University of North Carolina next year, working on her M. A. in history.

Jeter Burton will teach in Burlington next year.

Inah Kirkman will teach at Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C., next year.



UNCLE WILLIAM AND HIS WHEELBARROW

CLASS OF 1927

Some "First Things" About
Our Class

Susan Borden, President



Katherine Tighe, Vice-President

1. First to have double motto, Courage and Purity, represented by two mascots, a boy and a girl.

2. First to have two flowers, red roses for Courage and white roses for Purity.

3. First to receive permission to have one 10 o'clock permission a week during our Junior year.

4. First to be given two extended week-ends a year, to be taken by the entire class at a given time during senior year.

5. First class to pay our alumnae association fee before the class graduated and be received as "paid up" members by this association, and to receive certificates of membership together with our diplomas.

6. First class to be graduated in the new auditorium.

7. First to change the order of commencement and to have graduation exercises on Monday night instead of on Tuesday morning of commencement.

8. First to have class day exercises in play form and to have this play written by members of the graduating class.

9. First to discard the daisy chain in the graduate exercises (though retaining it in our class day program), thus making the exercises more academic.

We are always ready to help the officers of the college do whatever needs to be done.

Merry Theresa McDuffie.

Mary Dail Dixon (Mrs. J. W.), "Claymont," Raleigh, who had not been back to the

college for thirty years, was among our Homecoming guests. She gratified us exceedingly by saying she had enjoyed herself so much that she couldn't stay away hereafter. Mrs. Dixon was the very first student to pay Mr. Forney her entrance fees the very first year of the college. Since then she has become famous as a cake-maker. "One of the things I know all about," she frankly says, "is—cakes!"

Homecoming message from Ida C. Hinshaw, Winston-Salem: "Regret cannot be with you. Mary joins me in love to the alumnae, best wishes for Dr. Foust, faculty, and you."

Jane Beatty, '19 and '20, of Ivanhoe, got her degree at Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., last summer. She is teaching English in the Raleigh high school.

It was a great pleasure to have Dr. Gudger with us during the Homecoming. He came from New York to help us celebrate the great occasion.



Tempie Williams, Secretary



Nina Smith, Treasurer



Louise Smith, Cheer Leader

MARRIAGES

Lulu M. Cassiday, '98-'05, to James Marshall Miller in February at Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher. At the time of her marriage the bride was feature writer for the Asheville Times. She is a newspaper woman of wide experience. The groom is telegraph editor of the Times. He is an alumnus of Grove Point College, Pennsylvania. At home 9 Farrwood Avenue, Asheville.

Effie Turner, '00-'02, to Robert Rogers Ingram, February 27, Chesterfield, S. C.

Frances Eugenia Tull, '12-'16, to William Marshall Koontz, June 4, Casper, Wyoming. At home June 10, Worland, Wyoming.

Rachel Grose, '18-'21, to Harlee Holland King, September 15, Loray, N. C.

Mary Holdford, '20, to Milton May Abbott, Raleigh. At home in Raleigh.

Agnes Steele, '20, to W. P. Holt, of Greensboro. For the past four or five years Agnes has been a member of the college faculty, teaching in the department of Home Economics. Mr. Holt is an alumnus of Guilford College, and is now engaged in the real estate business. At home after October 1, Valley View Farm, near Greensboro.

Thelma Olivia Bryan, '20-'22, to Clayton C. Hilton, May 7, 1927, New Bern, N. C.

Jane Menzies, '20-'22, to Eugene Boyce Gamble, June 18, at five o'clock at the First Presbyterian Church, Hickory. The church was beautifully decorated, and a program of music was rendered preceding the ceremony. The bride's gown was made of white satin, with court train, and trimmed with real lace. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble will make their home in Hickory, where the groom is engaged in the automobile business.

Kathleen McCutcheon, '21-'22, to Robert Burt Green, at the home of Mrs. J. Frank Brinkley, Greenville, N. C. At home, Greenville, N. C., where the groom is in business.

Mary Louise Bender, '22, to W. H. Myers, June 23, 1927, Lenoir, N. C. At home Lenoir.

Mabel Eure, '22, to Clyde Crevensten, June 11, at the home of the bride's uncle, Judge N. L. Eure, Greensboro. Mabel wore an ensemble suit of blue georgette, with accessories to match. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in New York and Atlantic City. At home 504 Summit Avenue, Greensboro. Mr. Crevensten is in the real estate business.

Emily Shaver Cox, '23, to Curtis A. Holland, March 18, Greensboro, N. C. At home Greensboro.

Maitland Drake Sadler, '23, to Harold James Sykes, June 18, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va. Since her graduation Maitland has been teaching history, the last two years in the Roanoke Rapids high school.

Lottie Venters, '25, to Bernie Barton Kessler, June 22.

Mary Olena Spruill, '23-'25, to Jerry A. Sawyer, Mackeys, N. C. At home Plymouth, N. C.

Mary Pitkin Thomas, '23-'24, to Robert James Hester, Jr., June 8, at the home of the bride's parents in Burgaw. The groom is an alumnus of Wake Forest College, and is engaged in practicing law in Elizabethtown, where he and his bride will reside.

Sudie Mitchell, '24, to Reverend Charles L. Gillespie, June 7, at the home of the bride's mother, Wake Forest. The ceremony was performed on the front lawn beneath an ancient elm tree. Belle Mitchell Brown, '19, played the wedding music, and Cleo Mitchell, '24, was maid of honor. Since graduating Sudie has taught piano, one winter at College Station, Texas. The groom is a graduate of Wake Forest College. He is pastor of the churches at Brassfield, Red Bud, and Sulphur Springs. Their honeymoon was spent in western North Carolina.

Bernice Parker, '24, to Joseph C. Smith, January 17, at the home of Rev. E. E. White, pastor Forest Avenue Baptist Church, Greensboro. At home Greensboro.

Ophelia Pierce, '24, to Caspian S. Holt, and her sister, Clarkie Pierce, '26, to John Jacob Barnhardt, June 9, at the Baptist Church, Hallsboro. Both brides wore dresses of white satin and lace, with veils. Since graduating they have been teaching in the schools of the state. Mr. Holt is a graduate of Campbell College, and studied electrical engineering at the State University. He and his bride will live in Smithfield. Mr. Barnhardt is a graduate of State College, and will teach agriculture next year in the Acme-Deleo high school. He and his bride will live in Raleigh.

Edna Cartland, '24-'26, to Albert Donnell, June 16, First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro. Marjorie Cartland, '26, Wilmer Kuck, '28, and Elizabeth Newell, '30, were among the attendants. A lovely reception was held at the home of the bride's parents immediately following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Donnell will be at home in Greensboro, where Mr. Donnell is in business.

Sarah Jane Boyd, S.S. '24, to Theodore Hyman Weaver, March 28, Richmond, Va.

Estelle Mendehall, '25, to James DeWitt LeGwin, June 12, at the home of the bride's mother, Greensboro. Since her graduation Estelle has been teaching in the Fayetteville city schools. The groom holds a responsible position with the North Carolina highway commission, and is stationed at Fayetteville. At home Fayetteville.

Carolyn Pollock, '25, to Jasper Smith, of Bethel, June 14, at the home of the bride's mother, Trenton. Since her graduation Carolyn has been teaching music and will teach again in Bethel next year. The groom is an

alumnus of Duke University, and will next year be principal of one of the Pitt County schools.

Dorothy Allen, '25, to Mr. John Duncan, Raleigh, N. C. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride in Goldsboro on Thursday morning, June 23. At home 736 Nash Drive, Raleigh.

Mozelle King, S.S. '25, Greensboro, to O. D. Nelson, June 30.

Miriam K. Dobbins, '26, to J. E. Haney. At home after June 7, Rutherfordton.

Annie Crouch, '26, to Charles Ford, June 20, at the home of the bride's uncle in Winston-Salem. Mr. and Mrs. Ford are taking a motor trip through Canada, after which they will be at home in New York City, where Mr. Ford is connected with an advertising firm.

Pearl Teiser, '26, of Sanford, to Stanley Hamburger Kahn, Hamlet, N. C. At home Hamlet.

Miss Irene Thorp, '25-'27, to Mr. Paul Lively. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church April 3, at 7:30. Maurine McMasters, '27, was one of the attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Lively will be at home in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Of interest to all the alumnae will be the announcement of the marriage of Adger C. Forney, second son of our own "Mr. Forney," to Miss Clare Hurst, on May 26, in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Forney both attended the wedding. Adger Forney graduated from the State University, and for several years has been living in New York, where he is a member of the firm of Earle Brothers, rubber brokers. We offer to him and his bride our sincerest congratulations and good wishes.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Starr (Mary Hines, '07-'08), a daughter, Mary Sue, April 29, A. and D. Home, Greensboro.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Draper (Allen Hart, '08-'11), a daughter, Florence Allen, December 20, 1926.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Shuping (Ruth Hampton, '14), a son, Brooks, January 26, at their home in Greensboro.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McIntosh (Roselle Ditmore, '15), Lenoir, a daughter, early in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Rock (Mary Worth, '15), New Providence, N. J., a son, Charles Worth, on November 1, 1926.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Earl Michael (Lillie Kearns, '15-'17), a son, Charles Alexander, August 24, Sarasota, Fla.

To Mr. and Mrs. Chester D. Snell (Louise Howell, '17), a son, Vincent Howell, last December, in Madison, Wis.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McDonald (Ruth Kernodle, '17), Washington, D. C., a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Knudson (Flossie Kersey, '17), Floral Park, N. Y., a son, William Kersey, April 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Covington (Agnes Williams, '19), a daughter, Dorothy Crawford, March 3, Rockingham, N. C.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Dunham (Clara Craven, '22), a son, May 23, Salisbury.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lassing (Frances Singleton, '22), a son, early in March.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Stough (Augusta Sapp, '23), a son, S. T. Stough, Jr., February 26, Davidson, N. C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bell (Frances Watson, '23), a daughter, Beverly Frances, October 31, 1926, Greensboro.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Williams (Mary Parker Fryer, '23-'25), a daughter, February 18, at their home in Greensboro.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Shuffler (Lucile Kasehagen, '24), a daughter, Ann Jeanette, December 17, Marion Sprunt Annex, Wilmington, N. C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Blake Thompson (Evelyn Mendenhall, '24), a daughter, Marietta, April 15, Greensboro. Evelyn is most pleasantly remembered by her friends at the college as a member of the faculty, first as assistant in the library and later as postmistress.

To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Smith Stevens (Frances Crews, '25), a son, Everett Smith, Jr., February 19, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Hoffner (Thetis Smith, '25), a daughter, May Thettis, Juring the spring, Greensboro.

To Mr. and Mrs. Homer E. Whitmire (Lina Tarleton, '26), a son, William, May 11, St. Louis, Mo.

NECROLOGY

Bonnie Bishop Tankersley, '02-'03, wife of Dr. J. W. Tankersley, who died at her home in Greensboro, early in the year, following an illness of about five weeks.

We extend our deepest sympathy:

To Margaret Gash, '95, New York City, in the death of her mother at her home in North Carolina during March.

To Emma Lewis Speight Morris, '00, in the death of her father, in a hospital in New York on March 27.

To Carrie Sparger Coon, '02, in the death of her mother, early in April in Mount Airy.

To Bettie Aiken Land, '03, and Helen Land, '98-'01, and Annie Land (Mrs. J. K. H. Houston), '96-'98, in the death of their father, at their home in Westerwood, Greensboro, January 30.

To Florence Ledbetter, '04, and Alice Ledbetter Walters, '10, in the death of their mother on April 6, at their home in Greensboro, following a long illness.

To Nellie Paschal Metcalf, '08-'09, New York City, in the death of her mother on February 3, in Bayonne, N. J.

To Fleida Johnson, '09, in the death of her father in Greensboro during May.

To Winnie McWhorter Cox, '10, Calypso, N. C., in the death of her father early in March.

To Josie McCullers, '17, in the death of her father in Rex Hospital, Raleigh, on December 26, 1926.

To Georgia Cooper Moore, '94-'96, and Flora Cooper, '01-'06, in the death of their mother early in the year.

Oak, Revolution and Proximity Mills, and the Proximity Print Works, Greensboro, attended the international conference of settlement workers held in Paris last summer. She visited all of the several settlements in Paris, and some of those in the devastated areas near Paris. Ten days were spent at Toynbee Hall, London, the oldest settlement in existence. It is called the "mother of settlements." One hundred social service workers were to spend a month in this settlement last summer studying the work.

CLASS OF 1913

Sadie Rice Reid (Mrs. H. D.), Columbia, S. C., together with her fine young son, Mauney Carrington, was a visitor in the alumnae office this spring. They had been on a visit to her old home in New Bern.

CLASS OF 1903

Pearl Wyche, who for a number of years has been rendering fine service as superintendent of the welfare department in the White

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